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ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

IT would constitute an interesting subject for contemplation, to think of the infinitely diversified forms under which the men of the world are anxiously pursuing the objects of their desires. The inferior creation seem led by one general instinct to seek for happiness in the gratification of their natural necessities; but man, who creates for himself innumerable artificial wants, has recourse to a countless variety of ways and means for their supply. One class of individuals imagine, that as riches are indispensably necessary for procuring the good things of life, the possession of wealth should be the great object after which inquirers for happiness should direct their steps; and hence we perceive such multitudes pursuing this supposed source of felicity with such astonishing avidity, often regardless of the means, provided they can only obtain the end. Others are decidedly convinced, that the object of their wishes is only to be met with in the haunts of intemperance and dissipation, where the miseries of life may be banished by the absence of reason and reflection, by offering copious libations to Bacchus, and indulging to excess in every description of sensual pleasure. A third class are persuaded, that he only can be happy who traverses the world from one place to another, beholding all the variety of country and climate, and carefully observing the peculiar customs and manners of the

various places he visits. There are others, who think that, if happiness be at all to be enjoyed, it is only by frequently mingling among a select company of friends, whose feelings and sentiments harmonize with their own, and to whom they may disclose their minds with the most unreserved freedom; while others wrap themselves up in almost uninterrupted seclusion, convinced that solitude and happiness are synonymous terms. There are many who are satisfied, that happiness is an invariable attendant in the train of public honours; and imagine, that if they were raised to a certain situation in life, and obtained a certain measure of public applause, they would attain the summit of their wishes, and feel themselves completely happy. And there are others, who take it for granted, that men are happy in the precise proportion in which they are conversant with books, and are acquainted with biography, philology, history, and the other subjects which engross the attention of the learned.

Thus it is that mankind form such varied opinions regarding the manner in which happiness may be obtained, and engage in such an endless variety of ways in attempting to obtain it. Indeed, there is no movement or circumstance in the history of man, which he, as a free agent, is capable of performing, but may be traced to the operation of this principle within him. The mighty warrior, who spreads destruction and

desolation around him, as he marches in triumph through the vanquished country of his opposers, is actuated by the expectation of deriving happiness from his achievement, even though he knows that the fate of the thousands, whose lives he brings to a revolting and premature termination, will prove the source of a degree of misery to widows and orphans, fathers and mothers, of the aggregate of which we can form no conception; and the midnight assassin, who, in the more retired walks of life, perpetrates the crime of murder, is actuated by the conviction that he shall, by the accomplishment of the shocking deed, increase his felicity. In short, there is no crime or action which men voluntarily accomplish, but is the result of an impression that it will administer to their happiness.

But, though every individual in the world be in the anxious and unceasing pursuit of felicity, each inquiring for it in his own peculiar way, and deeming all who follow any other course than his own, grievously mistaken as to the method by which it is attainable,—it is an object, which, in its perfect form, has never yet been obtained by man. Those who have succeeded to the utmost of their wishes in acquiring what they deemed requisite for the enjoyment of happiness, have felt themselves greatly disappointed in respect of the measure of felicity which they expected to derive therefrom. No sooner is one object obtained, than another presents itself as necessary for man's happiness, and so on *ad infinitum*. There are few, we believe, who have enjoyed such favorable opportunities as Solomon, for obtaining happiness from worldly objects; and there are few who, for this purpose, have made so many experiments, and on so extensive a scale; yet he pronounced all to be "vanity and vexation of spirit." The truth is, that ever since the unhappy apostasy of Adam from his Maker, and his consequent expulsion from Paradise, complete happiness has never been attained by mortals.

Though complete felicity, however, be utterly beyond the reach of man, in his present state, there is a measure of it to be enjoyed, from the existence and operation of religious principles, incomparably superior to what can be derived from any other source. The man who has heartily embraced the great truths and doctrines of the gospel, has felt, in his blessed experience, that the consolations which they are capable of communicating to the mind, are neither few nor small; that there is an infinitely greater degree of felicity to be derived from the habitual practice of Christian piety, than from any other source from which he had sought to obtain happiness.

There have been Christians who have made such distinguished attainments in the divine life, (and, in the same proportion in which men are holy, may they expect to be happy,) that they have experienced pleasures of the most exquisite kind—pleasures, of which they alone are capable of forming any conception, who have enjoyed them, and which must have approximated to the delights and happiness enjoyed by the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. What ineffable transports of holy joy have Christians derived, when, through the medium of divine ordinances, they have been enabled to hold spiritual intercourse with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—have walked in the light of God's countenance, and have experienced every manifestation of his favour which their souls could desire. At such seasons of enjoyment they have soared far above all terrestrial concerns—have partially participated of the blessedness of heaven—and have deeply regretted those circumstances which have imposed on them the necessity of returning to the world.

We are aware that the distinguished enjoyments with which Christians are often favoured, are regarded by some as the wild imaginings of enthusiasm. This is because they are utter strangers to them, and can form no idea of the manner in which they

are excited. The Christian, however, is so decidedly convinced of their delightful reality, that the most specious reasoning to the contrary would have no effect on him. He feels that the pleasures themselves, the causes whence they proceed, and the mode of their communication, are perfectly rational, and anxiously wishes that the whole world were enthusiasts in the same way.

It is not intended to be insinuated, while thus recommending religion, that the Christian is blessed with the uninterrupted enjoyment of those pleasures to which we have been adverting. He has his share, and frequently the greatest share, of the trials and troubles of life; and, independently of these, he is often subjected to internal conflicts with his own depraved nature, the powers of darkness, and the world around him, from which the men of the world are exempted, and which, to him, are more painful than any other circumstances which can possibly befall him through life. But, though often cast down on the one hand, he is supported and comforted on the other; his religious principles come opportunely to his aid; and, amid the most trying circumstances in which he can be placed, diffuse abroad in his mind a peace which passeth all understanding.

We are sure that those to whom these remarks are principally addressed, are, in common with the rest of mankind, in the anxious pursuit after happiness. Let us seriously urge them, then, to give immediate and devoted attention to the all-important concerns of religion; for it is in religion alone that the object after which they are inquiring is to be found. We do not hold out to them perfect happiness in the present world; but we are warranted, by the express declarations of Jehovah, and the invariable testimony of those who have tasted both of the pleasures of sin and sense, and of the delights of religion; to assure them, that the latter are infinitely preferable to the former.

But there are, likewise, worldly advantages, of the utmost importance, attending an early application to the concerns of religion. The period of man's entrance into the world on his own account, is, undoubtedly, the most critical juncture of his whole life. His spirits then beat high; and, having little or no experience of the misfortunes and vicissitudes of life, he is exposed to a thousand dangers from which the man of maturer years is exempted. The individual who is destitute of virtuous principle, does frequently, at this period of his life, associate with others of the same age and character; and they stimulate each other to, and confirm each other in, those evil habits which are calculated to blast their fortunes and happiness in life, and leave them to the horrors of the blackest despair in the workings of death. Their worldly occupations are either wholly neglected, or but partially attended to. The tavern, and the various haunts of vice and debauchery, become the places of their continual resort, until their worldly substance is squandered away, their credit stopped, and their constitutions debilitated and shattered by disease. Then poverty, disgrace, and increased malady, and all the horrors of piercing remorse, combine to render them the subjects of unspeakable wretchedness; and they either suddenly plunge themselves into a premature grave, or drag out an existence miserable in the extreme.

The man, on the other hand, who, on commencing the world on his own account, is decidedly religious, experiences the incalculable value of his religious principles, as it regards his secular interests. He has learned to reduce to practice the important maxim, "When sinners would entice, consent thou not." He studiously avoids the company of those who would lead him astray from the paths of virtue and duty. If he has any associates, they are those in whose minds the fear of the Lord is impressed. He applies himself with

the utmost attention and assiduity to his worldly employments ; but in such a manner, as not to interfere with his immortal interests. You will find him, not in the tavern, or in any of the resorts of debauchery ; but either at his ordinary occupation, or in the society of the wise and good, or in the sanctuary. The consequence of his conduct is, that he is loved, esteemed, and trusted by all, and generally obtains a competency of the comforts and conveniences of life. But if, in the mysterious operations of Providence, some misfortunes deprive him of this, he feels himself quite resigned to the will of the Most High, and, in that peace of conscience which he uninterruptedly enjoys, he is more than compensated for the absence of worldly riches.

The importance of early piety may be farther argued, from a consideration of its advantages to society. Man is a social creature. He may, for a variety of purposes, occasionally prefer an hour or two of solitude ; but there is a feeling within him, interwoven with his very being, which leads him to shudder at the contemplation of perpetual seclusion from the world. The highest delights of rational creatures consist in a reciprocal interchange of feeling and sentiment. Hence it is that men are so frequently drawn into each other's company and conversation ; and the influence which one individual exerts on another, and through him on millions of his species, is utterly beyond all human calculation.

The most trifling imaginable deviation from the principles and practice of religion, may be attended with the most fatal consequences to the eternal interest of thousands. Even one single unguarded expression, which may have a tendency, in the estimation of some individual in whose hearing it is uttered, to throw discredit on religion, may be the unhappy means of estranging his affections from it, and, through his instrumentality, of proving detrimental

to others. An individual may, in the company of others, make religion the subject of merriment and ridicule, and the men who compose this company may, in their respective turns, imitate the pernicious example ; and the train once lighted, will not be easily extinguished in the families, or among the acquaintances, of these individuals ; but will spread, not only through our own country, but through every country and corner of the world. The contagion once commenced, no effort of human beings will be able to counteract it : the longer it operates, the greater will be its power of doing mischief ; and ere the individual, with whom it originated, has become an inhabitant of another world, it may have produced consequences, which, were we aware of them, would fill our minds with the most appalling contemplations.

There is something in the supposition amounting to a moral certainty, that every one cherishes the fond expectation, that he will, at last, be made a participant of eternal glory ; and we have every reason to believe that every juvenile reader of these observations intends, in his own mind, to become religious at some future period of his life. But this resolution of future reformation of principle and practice, proceeds entirely on the gratuitous supposition, that they shall live to see the period when this intended reformation is to take place. Now, we ask, what process of reasoning or doctrine of revelation, authorizes us to take it for granted that our lives shall be prolonged to a definite period ? Are we not, on the contrary, instructed to believe, by the express declarations of scripture, and the unequivocal language of daily occurrence, that we have not so much as a single hour which we can warrant secure against the approach of death ? Are there not many of our acquaintances at this moment in the abodes of the dead, who, but a few years, perhaps a few months, ago, had every probable appearance of surviving for many years

to come ! Does not the sudden dissolution of some intimate friend, who was young, and of a strong and healthy constitution, proclaim in loud and convincing language, that neither youth, nor health, nor strength, forms any exemption from the stroke of death ?

In conclusion, we trust, that from the above remarks, the decided importance of early piety will evident-

ly appear. If religion be capable of conferring on mankind the greatest happiness which can be enjoyed in this life, and of the greatest advantages in a secular point of view ;—if it be of the greatest advantages to the world, as it regards their present and future existence,—and if the period of our life be exceedingly uncertain,—it cannot be too early, nor too cordially, embraced.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

(See page 34.)

AGREEABLY to my request, Maria, in a confiding tone, thus commenced :—

“It is now two years since we first became acquainted. After the death of my good mother, I came into this valley to live with my relations, who received me in the kindest manner, and treated me with the same affection as their own daughter. My cousin Barbara and I divided the in and out-door work between us ; and when the season came for taking the cattle to pasture, I undertook the charge of the goats. One fine summer's evening (it will be two years next July) as I was driving my flock down the mountain, one of the young goats went browsing the green herbs close to the edge of a great chasm filled with snow ; when, all at once, the loose stones gave way, and the poor little creature fell down the precipice. The sides of the abyss were so steep and slippery, that all its efforts to climb up again were useless ; and, if it had been left there, it must have been starved to death. In sad trouble and dismay, I ran round the edge of the chasm to see if there were any possibility of getting down into it, but all in vain ;—when, at that very moment, Bernard, who had been hunting the chamois, up amongst the rocks, happened to approach the spot. Seeing my distress, he asked me what I was crying for ; and when

I had told him the cause of my grief, he instantly threw down his gun, and, before I knew what he was going to do, he seized his pole, and, with the quickness of lightning, leaped into the hollow. Whilst he was at the bottom, he fastened on his crampons, tied the little creature's feet together, hung it over his shoulders, and, after many efforts, succeeded in clambering out again. ‘Poor little beast, thou art trembling sadly,’ said he, as he unloosed it—‘when thou art older, thou wilt better know how to take care of thyself.’ So saying, he picked up his gun, saluted me with a God-bless-you, and was going away ; but suddenly turned back, and asked me my name, and, when I had answered, walked slowly from me. I gazed after him for a long time in astonishment, and then made haste to drive down my flock.

“As I watched the goats bounding merrily before me, and carried the poor little trembler in my arms. It all at once occurred to me that I had never asked the name of its preserver.”—Here the maiden suddenly uttered a piercing shriek, seized hold of my hand almost convulsively, and cried out, “Hark ! do you hear nothing ?—Sir ! sir ! do you hear nothing ?”—Her eyes straining, her mouth half open, and her finger pressed to her lips, she stood for some moments like a statue. All

was still—"Oh, God!" cried she, at last, letting go my hand; and I could then distinguish the rattling of loose stones at a distance—the noise was repeated,—came nearer,—and, by degrees, I could plainly hear the sound of footsteps, and the clicking of an iron-pointed pole. Swiftly as a young roe, my companion flew to the spot whence the sound proceeded. "Bernard! Bernard!" cried she, in a voice of ecstasy; while the name of Maria resounded amongst the heights, every moment heard more distinctly. It was, indeed, the lost lover; who, rushing precipitately round a projecting rock, in breathless agitation clasped the affectionate girl to his bosom. "And have I, indeed, found you again, and are you really safe?" asked Maria, with streaming eyes. "Yes, *now*, all is well with me, answered the hunter, in a hoarse and hollow tone, which contrasted powerfully with the gentle accents of his destined bride. His appearance was such as to excite no common degree of interest. His figure was tall, and so slender as to seem almost emaciated, though apparently strong and muscular; and a dark red handkerchief, bound round his forehead, gave a singular expression to his finely formed and sunburnt features. When the first happy greetings were over, I approached the delighted pair, to express my joy at their meeting; when, to my utter amazement, the impetuous hunter instantly recoiled, and glances, fierce as lightning, flashed upon me from his fine dark eyes. With lips compressed and hands clenched, he turned first to Maria, and then to me, without the power of uttering a word. At length he broke out with a convulsive effort, and fixing on me a fearful gaze, "What, Sir!—How have you?"—Then, turning with a wild and furious look at the maiden, groaned out, "Maria!" and pushed her violently away from him. At the same moment he tore his handkerchief from his forehead, and blood ran streaming down his pallid face. His voice became feeble—he

stood trembling from head to foot, clasped his hands together, and murmured, as if in inward agony, "Oh God! forgive her!"—He tried to say something more, but his voice entirely failed him; he staggered and fell to the ground—pale, stiff, and senseless.

At this very moment the last rudely glow vanished from the peaks, and a still and solemn gloom spread gradually over the whole face of Nature. Every thing seemed ready for slumber; and only here,—here amidst a wild chaos of rocks and ice—the Fates appeared busy in preparing a sad and terrible catastrophe.

Maria and I stood, for some time, paralysed with alarm and consternation. At length, the poor girl broke out into bitter lamentations—"Is there, then, no hope, no mercy, and must we leave this beautiful world so soon? Bernard, dear Bernard, awake once more!" cried she, with sobs of anguish, as she kissed his bleeding forehead, and clasped his hand to her throbbing heart.

I roused myself from the stupor into which this extraordinary scene had thrown me; recollected that I had about me a flask of cordial, and poured a few drops of it down the throat of the fainting man. Maria, meanwhile, busied herself in rubbing his temples; and at length, he began to breathe with difficulty, and slowly unclosed his eyes. Instantly, as if seized with convulsive agony, he sprang up with the quickness of lightning, and, brushing away the tear which hung on his dark eye-lids—"Poor wretch that I am!" cried he, with a scornful smile—"Tears in my eyes!—weeping!—this was all that was wanting to complete my misery. Oh! what a reward for all my toils!" uttering these words in a tone of bitterness, he picked up his chamois and his broken gun, and putting out his hand, "Farewell, Maria," cried he, with suppressed feeling: "forget the rude hunter, who had but few friends in the world, and who looked to you alone for comfort and happiness: forget every

thing—it is best you should.”—So saying, and casting upon me a look of ineffable contempt, he was about to descend the mountain. “Halt,” cried I, burning with indignation, “you shall not stir from this spot till you have explained your outrageous conduct to this innocent being, and repented of your folly and extravagance.” With apparent coolness, and in a firm and haughty tone, the youth replied, “Who is it that dares cry halt to Bernard, the chamois hunter? All this comes over me like a dream—but to show you that I know no fear, even in the wretched state in which you see me, torn and bloody as I am, and more like a skeleton than a man (for I have not tasted meat or drink for three days)—to show you this, I say, I *will* stay where I am.” With these words, he threw down his chamois, and the fragments of his gun, and placed himself before me in a posture of defiance. “What explanation is required,” asked he, “and who is the innocent person you speak of? and what more, Sir, have you to command?” I now saw that, to gain influence over this lofty spirit, a very different chord must be struck. “Listen to me, quietly,” said I, “for only a few moments. We three have met to-day for the first time. I am a stranger, and a painter, who came here to make drawings of your wild mountains and glaciers, and to whom chance gave an opportunity of affording assistance to this poor girl. Weak and exhausted as she appeared, and almost distracted with grief and alarm, I should have thought it inhuman to leave her; and I staid here to wait for you, or else to conduct her home in safety.”—“And was it for this you gave him the handkerchief?” asked he, turning to Maria with an air of distrust. At that instant, I first discovered that, in the hurry of the moment, I had stuck into my breast a coloured silk handkerchief, which must accidentally have remained in my hand at the time I disengaged myself from Maria and the dwarf. All was now ex-

plained to me; and this little circumstance, I found, had created the storm of jealousy in Bernard’s breast, and overwhelmed him in doubt and despair. Maria now eagerly recounted the story of her alarm, of my coming to her assistance, and the interest I had taken in her distress; on hearing which, he became all gentleness and affection, and put out his hand to each of us with the frankness of a child. He sat down quietly beside Maria, on a fragment of rock: and it was a pleasing sight to see this impetuous and turbulent spirit softened down, by love and gratitude, into all that was mild and tender.

At this moment the moon rose in full splendor from behind the mountains, shedding her fine lustre over the silent scene: and I proposed, that, as we were all harmony and happiness, we should begin our descent into the valley, where Bernard should relate to us, over a flask of wine, the dangers and adventures of his chase. He stood up cheerfully, and shook me by the hand; Maria took from him all his hunting equipments; I threw the chamois over my shoulder, and thus loaded, we began our journey downwards. When we reached the hunter’s little cottage, we found his aged mother praying before a crucifix. I would not intrude on the first joys of the meeting, but hastened to the Pastor’s house, begged my good host to supply me with a few flasks of his rosy wine, and carried them with me to Bernard’s cottage. The mother, not without some embarrassment, placed on the table her little store; and when we had filled our glasses, Bernard began to relate to us how he had set off, prepared for a two days’ absence, and had soon reached a particular height, where he had often before been fortunate in the chase. “Here,” continued he, “I was in hopes of again succeeding; for, scarcely had I crossed the snowy plain, and climbed cautiously up a few projecting rocks, before I saw a chamois keeping watch on the top of

a crag just above me. It gave the signal for flight, and instantly disappeared. I got up the rock as quickly as I could; but the whole troop were, by that time, out of my reach, and I saw them leaping, swiftly as lightning, over an immense chasm. A sudden change in the wind had made the animals aware of my approach, so that all my hopes of success were, for this day, put an end to, and all I could do was to go round to the other side of the chasm, and lie in wait for the re-appearance of my prey. As night approached, I betook myself to sleep in the cleft of a rock; and, having taken a sound nap for some hours, I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous storm. The cold was intense, and I was obliged to keep myself in violent motion, by jumping and leaping, to avoid being frozen. At length the wished-for dawn appeared—I set out on my day's work, and discovered traces of the game. But the appearance of the morning augured badly for my success—on all sides there were symptoms of a gathering storm; the air became heavy and sultry, and my labours were toilsome and disappointing. The chamois kept leaping about, now on this side, now on that, then disappearing behind the rocks, and always eluding me as I approached them. I was determined, however, not to give up the pursuit: till, at length, downright exhaustion compelled me to repose myself, and an unconquerable drowsiness completely overpowered me. How long I may have slept I do not know; but certain it is, that, but for the refreshment of this sleep, I should never have been able to support the trials yet in store for me.

"A loud peal of thunder awoke me from my slumbers;—I sprang up, began to reconnoitre the spot, and discovered three or four chamois standing together at the top of a rock. All my fatigues were now forgotten—I levelled my piece, and, in an instant, one of them was killed, and came tumbling down the precipice, rattling away over the loose stones.

I began to look about me for some way of getting down into the valley; but this I found to be utterly impracticable. Meanwhile, tremendous masses of clouds were rolling over the mountains; thunder, with a deafening roar, echoed amongst the rocks; fiery lightnings burst through the dark sky, and glided down the snowy heights; while a thick hail-storm rattled furiously upon the frozen surface around me. Oh! what an awful scene was this! All nature seemed to have risen up in rebellion; thunder and lightning pealing and flashing, as if to announce that the end of the world was approaching. At length I reached, in safety, the shelter of a rock, which protected me from the sharp pelting of the hail. By degrees, the hurricane abated; I commended myself to God, threw my chamois across my shoulders, and sallied forward again with a thankful heart. Though the descent grew more and more dangerous at every step, I arrived safely at the edge of the Black Scalp; but to cross this seemed absolutely impossible. The waters, which were now let loose, came roaring down furiously over the slippery surface of this immense flat rock, and tearing along with them great masses of stone and crag. The thoughts of Maria and my mother, and of all their anxiety about me, gave me resolution for every thing. It began to grow dark—Courage, courage, said I to myself—on with it—He who rules over the winds and hails, and watches over the safety of millions, will keep me free from harm.—So saying, I set my foot on the Black Scalp, and began to cross with cheerfulness and caution—but when I had about half accomplished this perilous passage, an immense mass of snow came rushing from above, and at once overwhelmed me in its course. Good God! what a tremendous moment!—I lay senseless the whole night, and it was not till the dawn began to break that I became conscious of the danger I had run, and the escape I had experienced, and discovered that

the sharp rugged rocks, against which I had been whirled, stood on the very brink of a tremendous precipice, and had saved me from the inevitable destruction of a fall down the abyss. To my great chagrin, I perceived that my gun was shattered to pieces; but, very fortunately, my pole, which I had strapped to my hand, my iron crampons and hammer, remained uninjured. This was not a moment for much consideration; I had nothing to do but to try and climb up again as well as I could. In many places, I was obliged to knock away pieces of the rock with my hammer, to get some support for my hands and feet; and, sometimes, I had to crawl, with no small difficulty, through narrow chinks and holes. At length, after hovering, as it were, between heaven and earth, for at least two hours, I reached a spot sufficiently secure to serve as a resting-place; and here, thankful for having accomplished, in safety, thus much of my arduous undertaking, I reposed myself, for a few minutes, beneath the bright early sun. Several times, in the course of the morning, I had heard a harsh kind of cry, different from any I was familiar with, and, at the moment I was getting up to pursue my clambering, it pierced through my ears again more sharply than ever. I hurried to the spot it seemed to proceed from; and instantly afterwards I heard a loud rustling, and a huge eagle darted out of a cleft in the rock, circling in the blue air above me, clapping its wings violently, and repeating its shrill and anxious cries. All the stories I had ever heard of eagles and lammergeyers attacking men and animals amongst the rocks, and, by the force of their great pinions, throwing them over precipices, now came into my mind. I thought it most likely that there must be an eagle's nest somewhere near the spot; and, on looking attentively into the cleft, I distinguished two young ones by their beaks.

"The idea that, if I could make myself master of these two rapa-

cious birds, I should gain almost as much by them as by a couple of chamois, made me, for a few minutes, undecided as to whether I should attempt taking them or not; but the increasing screams of the old one, and the likelihood of its assailing me, where my path might, perhaps, be more dangerous than ever, at length induced me to leave the young robbers unmolested. Continuing my course, now climbing, now descending, toiling over loose stones and pointed crags, I, at length, reached the summit. My wounds, burst open by over-exertion, began to bleed afresh, and I sank on the ground, exhausted with pain and fatigue. Burning heat, and shivering cold, came over me by turns; and, as the day was already on the decline, I found it impossible to think of getting down into the valley that night. By degrees, my limbs began to grow stiff, and, at last, I became quite senseless, in which state I must have remained for some hours. I was suddenly roused by a blow on the head, and, mustering all my strength to rise, I discovered that my chamois had been dragged away to several paces' distance. I had now, indeed, good cause for alarm; and the certainty that I must be in the neighbourhood of some beast of prey, made me strain to the utmost the little strength I had left. The only means I had of protecting myself, were to pass the remainder of the night in shouting, striking fire, and throwing stones, to scare away so hideous an intruder. At length the blessed morning dawned, and I found myself, once more, in the well-known path; but I was too weak and exhausted to accomplish the descent in as few hours as I was wont to do. You will now, I am sure, my good sir, forgive my extraordinary behaviour, when you consider, that, at the very moment when I saw Maria again, and, in seeing her, forgot all my toils and dangers, I thought myself assailed by a new calamity, a thousand times worse than any of them. No! it is impossible for any

man living to have ever felt a bitter pang than the one which then overwhelmed me. But now, thank heaven! it is all over, and, with the blessing of God, it shall never happen again; and so, sir, if you still bear me any grudge, let us drown it in this glass of wine." So saying, he shook me heartily by the hand. "I cannot bear," continued he, "to hurt or vex a creature; and if a word slips out in haste, that can give pain to any one, I am always more unhappy about it afterwards than any one else—but it drives me half mad, if I own to have been in the wrong, and put out my hand to make it all up again, and the person I have offended refuses to be friends with me. When this happens, it is as much as ever I can do to contain myself; and my only resource is to take up my gun and go off to the mountains."

During this narration, Maria had gradually been drawing closer and closer, and she now, in an affectionate tone, began conjuring her lover to relinquish, for a while, the toils and dangers of the chase.

"Maria," said the hunter, with an earnest air, "you know that, of late, I have applied myself to my business more diligently than ever, solely for the purpose of putting an end to all the foolish gossip about our long engagement; for that we do not keep our wedding till all my poor father's debts are paid, is what I am fully determined upon; so if you are as much in earnest as I am, you will say no more about the matter." This harangue was concluded by a kiss; after which Bernard replenished our glasses, and proposed as a toast, "Success to the chase;" while Maria, to hide her starting tears, busied herself with various little household arrangements about the room. "It was bravely spoken, my fine fellow!" said I. "With a head and heart as stout as yours, you cannot fail, in time, of being as happy as you can desire. Patience is all you want."—"Aye, sir," said Bernard, glancing at his wounds, and at his broken gun,—"I shall have time enough to

learn patience—with a witness. Only if the good Pastor should happen to lose his patience—then, what is to become of us—Heaven only knows!"

"What, then, is it the Pastor you are indebted to?" said I.—"Yes, sir," replied the hunter: "and it grieves my heart to think I am obliged to keep the good man so long out of the money, which he kindly advanced us in the hour of need. But, however, I am still alive and healthy, and, with God's blessing, all may yet be well."

"And now," said I, "I am sure the thing you most want is rest, of which you have been so long deprived; so I will bid you adieu until to-morrow." On the following morning, after some conversation with the Pastor, I returned to the cottage, and found Maria and his mother busied in dressing Bernard's wounds. I paused for a moment at the threshold, and heard him saying—"This is a sad piece of work, indeed; I have never been so badly hurt before; and many a long week shall I have to go hobbling about here, doing nothing."—"Patience, patience, dear son," said the mother, affectionately: "you will find plenty of work about the house and garden, they have been wanting you this long time; and when you are able to stir about a little, it will be very pretty amusement for you to set them to rights."—"And then, there is the little arbour wants to be set in order," said Maria, coaxingly.—"To be ready for the wedding," said I, making my appearance from behind the door, and walking into the room. "There is nothing in the world I should enjoy so much, as to partake of your wedding-dinner in that arbour on the hill, looking out upon the mountains." They all three looked at one another with an air of embarrassment, and without uttering a word. At length Bernard broke silence, on first observing a gun which I had slung over my shoulder. "So you are going to hunt the chamois, too, sir?" said he; but you must,

first of all, let me give you some instructions, or else you will be breaking your neck before you can fire a shot."—"There is no danger of that," said I—"this gun deserves to be placed in worthier hands than mine. It is now my property, and I make it over to you as a wedding present, hoping it may sometimes recal my visit to your recollection. As to the wedding, the Pastor says, it now only remains with yourselves to fix the day—the rest is all settled

upon this piece of paper." With these words, I put into his hands the discharged bond, and took my departure. Scarcely was I out of the house, before Maria rushed after me, and with tears in her eyes, and unable to speak, endeavoured to drag me back again.

"Let me go, now, my good Maria," said I, gently disengaging myself—"On Sunday I will be with you in the arbour;—" and I kept my word.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

(Continued from page 24.)

IF the courteous reader will only have the kindness to imagine for himself the innumerable *niaseries* of which he might possibly be guilty, if, as in the case of our young heroes, he were endowed with imperishable health and vigour, and an exhaustless purse, he will save us the trouble of a detail which would, we fear, be found somewhat tedious. After engaging in all the follies and dissipations of the most profligate city in the world, Louis Desonges and Charles Maxwell set out on a tour together; visited Switzerland, where they studied the institutes of Jean Jaques Rousseau; Italy, where they talked of and purchased paintings and fellowships in the various academies of that truly classical region; passed on to Greece, just to be enabled to say they had been there; thence through those mighty miniature states subsequently gathered together under the cognomen of the Confederation of the Rhine; and finally to Holland, among Dutch eels, Dutch boors, and other amphibious and amphibolous animals. Having achieved this undertaking, the two young men separated on terms of the closest intimacy and good fellowship, with the understanding that they were to correspond regularly with each other. The French Revolution, however, which commenced almost immediately afterwards, revolv-

ed the whole machine of European politics with so rapid a whirl as to throw England and France, like two balls impelled by centrifugal power, at the utmost possible distance from the central point of amity at which they had lain sometime quietly together;—the consequence of this convulsion was, that although Charles and Louis had correspondent and corresponding inclinations, they found it extremely difficult, and at length dangerous, to attempt to correspond; and so gradually lost sight of each other.

Charles returned to London, where some tons of statues, coins, vases, paintings, bronzes, and bonzes, "bas and haut relieves," mummies and mummeries, had arrived before him. Consequently, he walked amid a crowd of envious or admiring worshippers—a complete lion, like Juno amid the lesser goddesses; "incedit leo," as Dr. Pangloss would say. The shipment he had made was a most lucky hit, inasmuch as it had introduced him to the best society of the day, and obtained for him almost as many letters at the end of his name as there are papers on the tail of a kite; so away he went, shining among the "lesser stars" like a comet, for several years; and then—No, fair reader, it was not *then*—but long before that he had discovered that, with all the excitement of un-

checked pleasure, inexhaustible riches, and uninterrupted health, there was still a "something" wanting. And what? It was no less than the society, the friendship, the *love* of one (if there be such another on the earth) as good, as fair, and as virtuous as thou art. He saw the half-forgotten, or if not only-remembered-in-dreams form of Clara Haultaught, and he felt that he had done both her and himself an injustice by supposing that it was the extent of her father's fortune which led him to fancy her so exceedingly beautiful, when he (then on the eve of bankruptcy) had danced with her at Leicester. He knew the old admiral's failing, (alas! that such an anomaly should exist as a brave but avaricious man!), and one day, after dinner, told him that whenever he married, observing by the way that he had no such intention, he was resolved never to accept a penny of his wife's fortune, but to settle the whole upon her and her heirs, and even to double the amount, if her parents thought fit.

"Ah! my dear sir," said the admiral, "if all young men had your consideration—hem—let me see, there's poor Board'em of the Scourer; two years ago he got posted, and married Commissioner Green's daughter, who had her poor aunt Bet's savings all in her own hands, twenty thousand and more, got foul of the Lord knows how many d—d five-farthing, b—d, twopenny-half-penny French merchant-men. You know what followed; I say nothing—the prize-court, and all that sort of thing—tenazed, bothered, taken aback, kept ashore, chaise and four, d—n. You know the rest. Got to Boodle's—half mad. Not a shilling left."

An invitation was a matter of course, and one succeeded another as waves upon the beach. "I never knew happiness before," said Charles to Clara. Clara seemed as if she had uttered the words, and blushed (how gothic!) and looked she "knew not where," she told Charles some

weeks afterwards, "for there was a swimming mistiness before her eyes." The old admiral happened at the time to be "missing," and so was every earthly object for the space of three hours to the eyes and recollection of the two lovers. All they beheld was each other—but, in plain English, ding dong went the discordant first dinner bell. "A moment—one moment longer, my dear Clara!" said Charles. The moment seemed scarcely past when the second larum awoke Clara from her dream, and mechanically recollecting her father's extreme precision, she rushed from the presence of her lover. Absorbed in his dreams of future bliss, he was leaning his head upon his hand, when in stalked the old admiral. "Ah, Charles!" said he, panting, "How are you, my lad. Devilish hot weather. One would think the good ship Britannia was afloat, and we were all crossing the line together. Ha! ha! eh?" "True enough," observed Charles. "Eh? What's that? What's true enough?" asked the admiral. "I have crossed the line," said young Maxwell. "The devil you have! When, where, how?" ejaculated the astonished seaman. "Just now," replied Charles. "Now! why, zounds, boy, you are mad or dreaming." "Both," replied Charles, "but it is a dream and delirium that will I hope last all my life." Then followed an explanation, told in as coherent a manner as could possibly be "expected under existing circumstances." The old gentleman affected gravity, although he experienced a sensation of extreme pleasure: but at length the generous feelings which, in spite of individual imperfections, seem ever to pervade the breast of an old seaman, rose triumphant above all disguise. "Give me your hand!" exclaimed the admiral, and he clasped it with as much firmness and strength as though he was grasping his sword on the quarter-deck in the day of battle. "But hold, young gentleman," he continued, recollecting himself, "We're running before the wind into a

strange port, without taking soundings. You have exchanged broadsides with Clara, I see plain enough. I expected it, I must confess; so d—n all hypocrisy; there's an end of that. Her colours, my brave fellow, where are they? Lowered, eh?"

At this moment Clara entered the drawing-room. "Hist! she comes," whispered Charles, anxious to save his beloved from the pain her father might at random inflict on her *sensibility*. "La! How delicate," exclaims some lady's maid. Well, Miss, we can't help it; we tell the tale as 'twas told to us; but what a lady's sensibility is, exactly and precisely, we cannot satisfactorily define.

The admiral knew nothing of, or else had forgotten, for "old men will forget," all about such matters, and therefore repeated after Charles, "Aye, here she comes sure enough! and seems taken a little aback. Come, Clary, my dear, the secret's all out. It's no use 'shamming Abraham' now, so what say you, my own dear little—God bless you!" Here the old veteran's utterance was stopt by the close embrace of his daughter, who threw herself upon his neck and kissed him with a most vehement alacrity, yet, strange to say, all the while sobbing "to match." "Come, come, my dear girl, Clary," gasped the admiral, "my love—nay, nay, dearest, don't cry. Have it all your own way; I won't, no, not to be made commander-in-chief in the East. No, no—come, come, d—n it, girl, you 'll choke me!—So, then, you won't strike your colours, mayhap? eh?" "Down, down to the ground, my beloved father," said Clara, and sinking on her knees, she grasped those of her parent, whose eyes were suffused with tears, while his face exhibited a strange warfare. It seemed to have been "boarded" by "sensibility," striving hard to overcome its opponent, who had "assumed" the command, and every muscle was briskly engaged, fighting inch by inch. At last down fell the

streamers; it was all over. "What a d—d old fool I am," sobbed the admiral, sinking upon a sofa. Then up rose Clara, and down fell Charles upon one knee; and both of them hung over the old gentleman, and applied, or rather endeavoured to apply smelling bottles, &c.

"I'm a d—d stupid, lubberly, snivelling old fellow. I never did so but once before, and that was when the lilies came tumbling down first after I was posted—sinking, by G—d! not a shot left; sea running; couldn't board 'em; not a sail in sight; d—n it—see the Gazette. Why do you both make such a fool of me? Clary, Charles, give me your hands; there, there; d—n these stinking bottles! I'm qualmish only, that's all. Go, Clary, go, there's a good girl, and—hem! ahem!—bring me a glass of brandy." Clara, like a dutiful child, did as she was bid. The patient swallowed the medicine as a patient ought, and the medicine did as all medicine ought; it cured the patient, who immediately walked briskly three times up and down the room, and then—they went to dinner.

In the evening of that day, the admiral was closeted with old Bagsby, his lean legal adviser. "The young fellow's fortune equal to yours!" exclaimed the man of law. "It can't be, admiral.

"Why not, sir?" asked the veteran. "His father, you know, was a West India merchant; and a British merchant, let me tell you—"

"Pshaw!" said the other; "but here's a young fellow who is any thing but a merchant—living like a lord. I don't suppose he has been to the counting-house half a dozen times since his father's death."

"Hem! perhaps not," replied the admiral; "however, the simple state of the case stands thus: He is not to receive a penny with Clary—but whatever I chose to settle upon her and her heirs, he offered to double."

"The devil!" exclaimed old Bagsby.

"And that's not all," continued the admiral, "we talked of sums—plain, point-blank sums. Clary's my only child, said I—and for myself—with my habits—if I shouldn't get afloat again, and I don't see why not—my pay's enough. One hundred thousand, said I—make it two, says he, if you like, admiral. Suppose, says I—it will save the legacy duty, when the old hulk goes to pieces—Suppose we say three—done, says he, I'll make it six."

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Bagsby.

"What's the matter?" asked the admiral.

"Matter!" muttered the lawyer, "Hem, matter? why here have I, for more than half a century, been rising early and sitting up late, making the most of every thing that came in the way; spending nothing—saving—scraping together, in hopes that in my old age—"

"Pshaw!" said the admiral, "you have feathered your nest well enough, I know—so, no grumbling—but, to business. How long will it take to prepare the deed?"

"Ah, ah! ahem! Let me see. In a case of such moment, my dear sir, everything should, you know, be arranged with extreme caution. The amount is immense—it depends much on the nature of the property—most likely some of the young gentleman's is in the West Indies—and—ahem! you know, my good sir, how precarious such sort of possessions are; particularly in time of war, when the enemy's fleets are wandering upon the sea, the Lord knows where—"

"The Lord knows where, indeed!" exclaimed the veteran, "I only wish we could catch 'em at it—'wandering,' as you call it—that's all—but, pshaw! d—n your six-and-eightpenny opinions about the war. See the lad yourself on the business—my money's all in the bank of England, and the papers are in my strong box at Hammersley's."

The next morning, Charles Maxwell, having supplied himself with the amount specified, from the usual

source, called upon the admiral, and they had scarcely exchanged salutations, when Bagsby was announced.

"By the by," asked the veteran, "Has the old fellow called upon you this morning, with his bag, and papers, and tape, and the devil knows what?" "Who? sir!" Charles inquired in a tone of alarm, which raised a momentary suspicion in the mind of his father-in-law elect.

"My lawyer, sir, Mr. Bagsby," was the grave reply. "He was to call on you respecting the subject of our conversation yesterday."

"Oh! Is that all?" said Charles, smiling, "Let us have him up, by all means."

Accordingly, the man of parchment (to which epithet the texture of his skin alone might have afforded him a fair claim) was shown into the presence of his two most wealthy, and of course, most worshipful clients; towards whom he came bowing, and bending, and grinning, and worshipping, in their persons, his idol, MAMMON, in a manner sufficiently ludicrous. After a thousand apologies, and such sort of tom-foolery, they proceeded to business, and the man of law inquired the name of young Maxwell's professional adviser, with whom he felt, no doubt, he should feel happy to act, on the present occasion.

"Aye, aye! like a pair of shears," quoth the admiral, "Ha, ha! eh! Bagsby—cut what comes between, eh? not each other, ah?"

"I never employed a lawyer since I was of age," said Charles.

"What!" exclaimed old Bagsby, as his rigid frame started into a perpendicular. ("A sensible young fellow!" thought the veteran). "Hem, ahem! ahem!" repeatedly repeated poor Bagsby, ere he could proceed to state a few of the various reasons why it was "advisable and to be advised, prudent and circum-spect, needful and absolutely necessary, &c., &c., in all such and the like and similar sorts and kinds of cases, where and wherein, and in

and concerning which property, &c., &c., &c., and all such sort of thing, was various and of numerous descriptions and kinds, both as it regarded and concerned estimated value of estates, &c.—”

Here Charles, having been too much accustomed of late to have his own way, became weary of listening, and interrupted the speaker with a most ungracious yawn, followed by a “Pish!” Having thus “caught the speaker’s eye,” as well as stopt his tongue, he proceeded. “There can be no difficulty in the present case. I believe, admiral, we understand each other. I agree to settle on your daughter the same amount as you think fit to do yourself.”

“Exactly,” replied the veteran, “and I, to save legacy duty, mean to settle all I have, excepting this house and grounds, which are at an easy distance from the admiralty.”

“Nothing can be clearer,” said Charles. “The sum is, I think, three hundred thousand.”

“Exactly so,” said old Haultaught, “and”—coolly continued Charles, taking out his black-morocco leather pocket book—“there—there is the money.”

“By the trident of Neptune, and the old girl that holds it!” shouted the admiral. “You’re a noble fellow. If you hadn’t a brass farthing Clary should never—But, I’m afraid, my dear boy, you have been too hasty. Have you made your calculations about housekeeping, and so on? I should not like you and Clary to shorten sail, and if we lock up such a sum as this, perhaps—” “It will make no sort of difference, I assure you. I shall never miss it.”

“Wonderful!” thought old Bagsby, “I’ll try and get a share in some West India concern myself.”

The “instrument” was immediately drawn up, “signed, sealed, and delivered” by the admiral and Charles, as their own “act and deed;” and the next act was marriage.

Then away flew time. Year rolled away after year. The old admiral

went to sea again, and had a glorious brush or two, “short and sweet;” and gave monsieur a smack in “the chops of the channel.” Then he went to bask himself, like a dry old fish as he was, on India’s sunny shore; from whence, after the benefit of a seven year’s fry, he returned, considerably increased in wealth. It was a proud day for the whole party when the veteran landed at Portsmouth, and Charles and Clara presented to him their first-born, a fine boy, then eight years of age, in a middy’s uniform, and his sister Clara, a beautiful little wax doll, as her mother had been before her. So at least thought Admiral Haultaught, and declaring that she was too beautiful and delicate as yet to be played with by a rough sailor, he seized upon the sturdy boy as his lawful prize; and many a ride, and walk, and gambol, and frolic, and quarrel, and reconciliation had they together, both in town and country, till the youth was old enough to serve his country. Then,—it was a hard task, but it must be the case with us all,—they parted for the last time. “Charles Haultaught Maxwell,” said the old admiral, “Remember that’s your name, my dear boy. Fear God and love your country. Look at your flag; let it be your business to see *that* respected wherever it floats, either in a cock-boat or a first-rate; mind *that*, and d—n all politics. Leave them to the lubbers ashore. Remember poor Nelson’s last signals.—Well, well, I know you will. But mind—if ever you disgrace your name, d—n me if I leave you a copper bolt.”

With this and the like advice the poor old gentleman blessed his beloved grandson, till he delivered him into the hands of an old messmate, and saw his young hero borne away upon the green billows from Yarmouth jetty, in the jolly boat of the D—. With his glass he stood watching her progress till all hands were safely on board. “He walks the quarter-deck now for the first time,” thought the veteran, and a

thousand images, created by memory and fancy alternately, kept him company all the way to London, as he sat reclined back in his travelling carriage. A few months terminated the old gentleman's mortal career. His effigies graced Westminster Abbey, and his eastern wealth formed another immense accumulating fund, which his son-in-law, for reasons we wot of, felt not so delighted with as is usual in such cases. The domestic felicity of Charles and Clara was perfect.

The termination of the late long-protracted war brought our happy couple to the afternoon of life. Young Charles was a fine young lieutenant, just of age, and with property and interest amply sufficient (to say nothing of certain musty Gazettes) to expect "to be posted," &c. &c., as soon as "propriety would allow." Clara was all that the fondest, aye, or the wisest (and the terms are not *always* synonymous, we fear) of mothers could desire. Had the old admiral lived, he might have altered his opinion—or, perhaps he might not. The fortune which he left her failed not, however, to throw around her every charm and grace, a dazzling halo, in which, like insects round a flame, a thousand gay, thoughtless, and fluttering ephemera sported, and were blinded, scorched, and "damaged" by their temerity.

But another year passed, and Charles Maxwell, that is, the "old original" Charles Maxwell of our tale, underwent a sad and melancholy alteration. Long fits of mental absence occupied him when in society. No more the well turned repartee or mirthful jest issued from his now pale lips.

Seldom he smiled—and then in such a sort,
As though he smiled in scorn, to think that he
Could e'en be moved to smile at anything.

"Neque vigilis neque quietibus sedari poterat," as Sallust says of Catiline. In plain English, he was never easy, sleeping or waking. "The consequence" was, that in a very short space of time ("colos ei exsan-

guis, fœdi oculi, citus modo, modo tardus; prorsus in facie, vultuque vecordia inerat,") he got horribly pale, ghastly about the eyes, and became a disagreeable, shuffling, unsocial, uncertain sort of a fellow; more like a poor lunatic, who fancied himself hunted by devils, than a well-bred, easy-going country gentleman.

The reason for this change was, that he had been calculating, and had discovered that, by the tenor of his engagement with the Gentleman in Black, whom, by the way, we hope our readers will take especial care not to forget, during the silent and almost imperceptible lapse of nearly eight-and-twenty years, had increased from the minute matter of a moment, to an *annual* demand of two thousand three hundred and thirty days and a fraction, calculating each day at sixteen hours in length, and *all* to be spent in sin. Such was the "demand" for sin in the then current year. It was true that there had been no grumbling on the part of his ally or adversary; and supplies of money when required, which had however rarely been called for of late, were never refused. There were, doubtless, past sins sufficient to keep all square "as per agreement" hitherto; but Charles could not *flatter* himself that he had sufficient "on hand" to make up an amount of four thousand six hundred and six days for the next year, and for that which was to follow nine thousand!—all was utter darkness and desperation. Yet all this arose from *agreeing* to sin for *one single moment* "per annum." Reader: take care you never make such a compact.

Charles had been to Paris the year before, hoping to discover the fate of his fellow-victim, Louis Desonges. The usual mode of finding rich individuals, through their bankers, was, of course, in the present instance unserviceable, and the police knew no such person. As the crisis of his fate, however, was equally near with that of Charles Maxwell, it is fit we should run over the prin-

principal events of his life, from the commencement of the Revolution to the end of the war, or rather wars issuing therefrom like snakes from a Medusa's head. During the reign of terror, his riches gained him both friends and enemies; conducted him into prison, and purchased him out; he found that reformers from the crowd, or "canaille," are ever vain and venal. The ignorant make sad use of power, the proper extent of which they cannot comprehend; so they stretch it, as children will a piece of Indian rubber, till it snaps back upon them and hurts their fingers, and then they are glad to let it fall out of their hands. Those among the French evanescent governors who had any *vous*, made their observations, and most attentively marked out those whose plethoric purses seemed to expose them to the danger of temptation.

Louis wept over the misfortunes of his country, and, be it said to his honour, the riches of which he had in so strange a manner acquired the command, were frequently devoted to the relief of those whose property had been swept away in the tumult. Among others, the Comte de Tien a la Cour, and his lovely daughter, Emilie, were indebted to him for their safety, and for his company in their flight into Switzerland, where he settled them in a beautiful and retired situation near Vevay, and on the borders of the blue lake Lemane. With certain resolutions in his head, away then posted Louis towards the Rhine, and on the banks thereof discovered and purchased an ancient baronial chateau and estate, together with its title. "How wretched a thing it is to have to do with lawyers!" exclaimed Louis to the cidevant baron, whose honours he was purchasing, and who might literally have been said (according to the French term "*manger ses biens*") to have "*eaten up*" his estate. "They are dreadfully slow."

"Humph!" said the Baron de Braanksdorfschen, "I've sometimes found them too quick."

"When you were not in a hurry, then, I'll be bound to say," observed Louis.

"Aye," was the reply. "Do you purpose living here, monsieur?"

Louis replied in the negative.

"Then, perhaps, you'll allow me to shoot, and hunt, and fish on the estate?" asked the baron.

"With all my heart," replied Louis.

"Then I'm a happy man again!" observed the baron. "D—n the old rook's nest, and the stones thereof, and the owls, and the ivy, and the——"

"Doucement! Monsieur le Baron," said Louis, fearing that a sort of Ernulphian curse, in which the purchaser might be included, was commencing; "It's hardly fair to wish them any ill *now*."

"If I had never seen them, it would have been all the better," replied the other, "but I must needs be like other fools; and so I 'kept up' my title by knocking it down. Well, never mind now—you say I may sport here?"

"Aye, and live here, too, as before," said Louis, "as long as you think fit."

"The devil I shall!" exclaimed the other. "Then I don't care a straw for what's past." And on that day it was the Baron of Braanksdorfschen's good "will and pleasure to get drunk," from which it will be an easy matter for the reader to guess what sort of a man *he* was.

Louis completed his purchase, and returned with his new title to Switzerland, where he was most gracefully and most graciously received by Emilie and her parent. And there—the very recollection of the place makes one poetical—

Upon the margin of that azure lake,
Whose limpid waves scarce ripple on the shore,
He vowed he loved her for her own dear sake;
And she believed—what could a lady more!

They talk'd and saunter'd by that water's edge;
They talk'd and saunter'd on the mountain's side;

'Mid foliage whispering, took and gave a pledge—

I say not what, for love was aye their guide.

And he as usual, led them Lord knows where.

But—the end thereof was marriage, and the Baron and Baroness de Braanksdorfischen and Monsieur Schepasm, a name which Monsieur le Comte de Tien a la Cour condescended to assume as a disguise, passed many happy days in Switzerland. But the leaven of the Revolution spread, and Italy was their next refuge—then Malta—then to France—*La belle, la glorieuse*. All was right again, for Paris was as gay or gayer than ever; so they fell down and worshipped the images which faction, or war, or fashion happened to set up, and thereby proved they were—born in France, the land of liberty and equality. In the profession of the latter “*égalité*,” they have been most singularly consistent; for, whether he has had a triumvirate, a consular, a regal, or an imperial government, monsieur has always been *equally* faithful. “C’est egal,” quoth he, on all occasions.

When Napoleon was very short of money once, the Baron de Braanksdorfischen was said to have waited upon Talleyrand; and it was hinted that the elevation of the Baron de Braanksdorfischen to the peerage of France, under the title of Le Comte D’Ormalles, was closely connected with that visit. Be that as it may, from that period our French hero attained a degree of popularity which he kept as long as he thought proper. His family affairs went on comfortably enough, since Emilie never had occasion to ask him twice for money, and he never grumbled at her expenditure. Like his quondam friend, Charles, he had two children, a boy and a girl, who grew up most promisingly; being allowed to do all that seemed good in their own eyes, and to draw money “at discretion.” Whether they spent it discreetly is another affair, and one of which their parents took no cognizance. The glory of the great empire—the emperor and king—the young king of Rome, the march of mind and the

march of armies—the invasion of that accursed Angleterre—the merits of David—the occupation of Spain—the Talma—the “Arcs des Triomphes”—les grand batailles—Venus de Medicis—the coronation—bridges over the Seine—charters—oaths of allegiance—operas—calembourgs—Apollo Belvidere—the overthrow of kingdoms, and the summer-sets of Monsieur Martin—the bear in the botanic gardens, and of M. M. Piédoube at the Port St. Martin—and such sort of important matters, equally and alternately occupied Monsieur Le Comte de Tien-a-la-Cour, the old grey-headed perpendicular grandfather of the family, Monsieur le Comte de Ormalles, the comtesse, and the two young sprigs of rising nobility. Then away flew time, and with it away flew many of the above, and other, and such like matters—the emperor was *off*, that is, not *on*, his throne; though he kept his title with a tenacity which must have been truly gratifying to his veteran military associates, who could not but have felt convinced, that when he by *nominal* honours rewarded their services, he bestowed what he conceived to be for himself most desirable. Away flew the Apollo and Venus, and the king of Rome, for the march of mind and of armies had taken a wrong direction; the invasion of England was postponed *sine die*; David brushed with his brushes to Brussels, for fear of a brush from the sweeping broom of the law; and the glory, the imperishable glory of the empire—its military glory—that might have remained to have embalmed the names of “les braves,” who fought and bled, and devoted themselves for their country, though a tyrant were their leader: but oaths of allegiance sworn and forgotten, reiterated and broken, tarnished their hard-earned laurels; and—it is a pity that *filles de chambre* and coffee-house politicians should have cackled so much about the matter, and that obscure *demisoldes* should claim for *all*, what *some* might yet demand, and will doubtless receive from posterity.

The Comte D'Ormale had shared those honours which riches may ever command among the sons of men, whether under kingly, imperial, or republican governments. He hailed the return of Louis le Desire; yet some thought his coffers were opened during the hundred days—the gentleman in black would scarcely have made any objection; but it is a point upon which we dare not speak positively. When Napoleon “caught a tartar,” at Mont St. Jean, and all was settled, the Comte D'Ormale settled likewise at his Chateau D'Ormale, on the banks of the Loire, where a settled melancholy appeared to prey upon him, and he betook himself to wandering to and fro, like an unquiet spirit; for he, like Charles Maxwell, had taken his calculations, and was ever balancing, and thinking of a convent, and—the gentleman with the black coat, Geneva cloak, &c. &c. To these meditations the comtesse left him undisturbed, and pursued the now indispensable frivolities of the metropolis, where she became the nucleus of a most ancient coterie of the most ancient and dignified personages; who, utterly despising the mushroom race of nick-named nobility, congregated where they could safely vent the spleen which they had for so many years been bottling up, while in a state of expatriation.

Having thus seen that the Comte D'Ormale was not in better plight than Charles Maxwell, it becomes our duty to state their ulterior proceedings, under such appalling prospects.

Charles had revolved and re-revolved a thousand schemes, if dreams like his were worthy of the name. The settling affairs with a pistol had not now so desirable an aspect for a consummation as when contemplated at the distance of twenty years, besides it might be done at the last moment. At length he remembered old Bagsby, the late admiral's lawyer. “If the old fellow be yet living,” thought Charles, “and has been going on steadily in the old way ever since, he

must by this time be a match for the d—l himself.” So away he went to the old fellow's chambers in Lyon's Inn, where he sat half buried among piles of dusty books and papers, like a lion-ant at the bottom of his inverted cone of crumbling sand, ready to seize on any poor animal who should happen unconsciously to come within its verge. Bagsby shook our hero by the hand, begged him to be seated, adjusted his wig, stirred his four square inches of smoking cinders huddled into one corner of the grate, and bowed and grinned, and grinned and bowed, and bowed and grinned again.

At length our hero did “a tale unfold,” which had almost as tremendous an effect as that described by Shakspeare, in the well-known passage, the commencement of which we have just quoted. But old Bagsby had been accustomed so long to intricate cases, that let him be thrown where he might, he contrived always, as it were, like a cat, to fall upon his legs, and find some place to cling to. So, after a long pause, he thus addressed his client. “Upon my word and honour—hem!—Mr. Maxwell, this is a very ugly piece of business: but—ahem!—if you don't mind expense, I really think we might contrive to pull you through. In the first place, allow me to ask you, my dear Sir, were there any witnesses to this singular contract?” “None,” ejaculated Mr. Maxwell, gasping the first breath of hope; “No, my dear friend, there was nobody but myself and—you know who.” “Excuse me for interrupting you,” said the dark gentlemen, stepping forward from a dark gloomy corner of the room, with his black coat, black waistcoat, black Geneva cloak, black bag, black-edged papers tied with black tape, and all the rest of his black paraphernalia; “It may, perhaps, save you much trouble if, in this early stage of the business—” “Early, indeed!” exclaimed Bagsby, somewhat irritated at the idea of so good a thing being swatched out of his hands; “Why, we have not yet com-

mened proceedings:—but, I beg your pardon, sir, pray take a seat." The gentleman in black sat himself down at the table, and drew forth from his black bag a bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, which, in a most business-like way, he proceeded to untie and lay before him.

"You know, sir," said Mr. Maxwell, "there were no witnesses to the transaction, "I know there were, sir," replied he of the Geneva cloak, with a malicious smile; "see," he continued, shewing a paper to the lawyer, who immediately discerned two signatures as of witnesses, which, however, he could not exactly decipher.

"Hem!" says Bagsby, adjusting his spectacles, and giving his wrinkled old mouth a peculiar twist, which, as it had no particular meaning in itself, might be intended to conceal any outward indication of what was passing within. "Ahem! allow me, sir, just to run my eye over the paper a moment. Aye, aye—I see—Charles Maxwell—ah—hem—em—bless me, what a cold morning it is. Pull the bell, Mr. Maxwell! Here, Jerry, my boy," he continued, addressing a lean, spider-like daddy-long-legs sort of an old man, who answered the summons; "Bring some coals, Jerry—Ahem! Let me see, where did I leave off?" "You may as well leave off where you are," observed the owner of the black-edged papers; "Keep your coals to warm your chilly old drumsticks after I'm gone—I'm not so 'green' as to suffer you to keep that writing in *your own* hands after the fire is lighted." "What do you mean to insinuate, sir," asked old Bagsby, waxing wrath; "A man of my standing and respectability, sir! Do you dare to say that I would be guilty of so——" "Precisely so," answered the other, coolly. "Sir—sir," stammered the lawyer, "I'd have you to know that there is such a thing as law." "Precisely so," observed he of the black bag, "I *do* know it." "And justice," continued Bagsby. "That's

more than you know," retorted the other. "And damages," roared the incensed lawyer. "Your clients have long been convinced of the truth of *that* position," drily observed the dark gentleman, taking a pinch of blackguard. Old Bagsby's rage was at its acme, and he swore, by all the furies and devils in the infernal regions, that he would commence an action for defamation forthwith. But his antagonist took it into his head to relate a certain fable concerning a smoky kettle and its black neighbour, a boiling pot; whereat the lawyer, like a snail, drew in his horns, being assisted in that retiring movement by Mr. Maxwell, who requested that his business might not be neglected.

"In mercantile matters, I remember," said our hero, "that when any difficulty occurred, we were used to refer it to arbitration."

"Good," observed the gentleman in black; "choose your own men, and I'll meet them." "That's fair, however," observed Charles Maxwell. "Humph!" said Bagsby, "we must first find fit men for the purpose:—but, ten to one they'll make a bungling affair of it. There's nothing like regular legal proceedings, straight forward, as a body may say."

"Precisely so," observed the dark gentleman, "may *say*:—but what you call straight is as crooked as my tail."

To a reference, however, they at length agreed; and an appointment was made for that day week, when the gentleman in black was to give them the "first meeting" at old Bagsby's chambers. When this matter was settled, the lawyer ventured to hint that he should find it necessary, or rather think it most consistent with the interest of his client, to take the opinion of counsel on two or three points which had already occurred to him; and as money was no object—"Very true," observed Charles, feeling in his pocket, and finding he had omitted to bring the needful with him, "How very thoughtless! However, sir, directly I get home, I'll

send a hundred pound note or two—"Pooh!" said the gentleman in black, taking out his black morocco pocket-book, "How many will you have—only say; just to save trouble, you know—its all the same between

us." So he gave Charles Maxwell five notes of one hundred pounds each, which he immediately paid to the lawyer, who immediately marked them with his own mark, and then the meeting broke up.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE wedding of Jacob Frost and Hester Hewitt, commemorated in my last, took place on a Monday morning; and on the next day (Tuesday), as I was walking along the common—blown along would be the proper phrase, for it was a wind that impelled one onward like a steam-engine—what should I see but the well-known fish-cart sailing in the teeth of that raging gale, and Jacob and his old companions, the grey mare and the black sheep-dog, breasting, as well as they might, the fury of the tempest. As we neared, I caught occasional sounds of "herrings—oysters! oysters—herrings!" although the words, being as it were blown away, came scatteringly and feebly on the ear; and when we at last met, and he began in his old way to recommend, as was his wont, these oysters of a week old (note that the rogue was journeying coastwise, outward-bound), with a profusion of praises and asseverations which he never vepted on them when fresh,—and when I also perceived that Jacob had doused his old garments, and that his company had doffed their bridal favours,—it became clear that our man of oysters did not intend to retire yet awhile to landlordship of the Bell; and it was soon equally certain that the fair bride, thus deserted in the very outset of the honey-moon, intended to maintain a full and undisputed dominion over her own territories—she herself, and her whole establishment—the lame ostler, who still called her Mistress Hester—the red-haired charity girl, and the tabby cat, still remaining in full ac-

tivity; whilst the very inscription of her maiden days, "Hester Hewitt's home-brewed," still continued to figure above the door of that respectable hostelry. Two days after the wedding, that happy event seemed to be most comfortably forgotten by all the parties concerned—the only persons who took any note of the affair being precisely those who had nothing to do with the matter; that is to say, all the gossips of the neighbourhood, male and female—who did, it must be confessed, lift up their hands, and shake their heads, and bless themselves, and wonder what this world would come to.

On the succeeding Saturday, however, his regular day, Jacob re-appeared on the road, and, after a pretty long traffic in the village, took his way to the Bell; and the next morning, the whole *cortège*, bride and bridegroom, lame ostler, red-haired lass, grey mare, and black sheep-dog, adorned exactly as on the preceding Monday, made their appearance at church; Jacob looking, as aforetime, very knowing—Hester, as usual, very demure. After the service there was a grand assemblage of Master Frost's acquaintances; for, between his customers and his playmates, Jacob was on intimate terms with half the parish—and many jokes were prepared on his smuggled marriage and subsequent desertion;—but he of the brown jerkin evaded them all, by handing his fair lady into the cart, lifting the poor parish girl beside her, and even lending a friendly hoist to the lame ostler; after which he drove off with a knowing nod, in total si-

lence ; being thereunto prompted partly by his wife's entreaties, partly by a sound more powerful over his associations—an impatient neigh from the old grey mare, who, never having attended church before, had began to weary of the length of the service, and to wonder on what new course of duty she and her master were entering.

By this despatch, our new-married couple certainly contrived to evade the main broadside of jokes prepared for their reception ; but a few random jests flung after them at a venture, hit notwithstanding ; and one amongst them, containing an insinuation that Jacob had stolen a match to avoid keeping the wedding, touched our bridegroom, a man of mettle in his way, on the very point of honour—the more especially as it proceeded from a bluff old bachelor of his own standing—honest George Bridgwater of the Lea—at whose hospitable gate he had discussed many a jug of ale and knoll of bacon, whilst hearing and telling the news of the country side. George Bridgwater to suspect him of stinginess !—the thought was insupportable. Before he reached the Bell he had formed, and communicated to Hester, the spirited resolution of giving a splendid party in the Christmas week—a sort of wedding-feast or house-warming ; consisting of smoking and cards for the old, dancing and singing for the young, and eating and drinking for all ages ; and, in spite of Hester's decided disapprobation, invitations were given and preparations entered on forthwith.

Sooth to say, such are the sad contradictions of poor human nature, that Mrs. Frost's displeasure, albeit a bride in the honey-moon, not only entirely failed in persuading Master Frost to change his plan, but even seemed to render him more confirmed and resolute in his purpose. Hester was a thrifty housewife ; and although Jacob was apparently, after his fashion, a very gallant and affectionate husband, and although her interest had now become his—and of

his own interest none had ever suspected him to be careless—yet he did certainly take a certain sly pleasure in making an attack at once on her hoards and her habits, and forcing her into a gaiety and an outlay which made the poor bride start back aghast.

The full extent of Hester's misfortune in this ball, did not, however, come upon her at once. She had been accustomed to the speculating hospitality of the Christmas parties at the Swan, whose host was wont at tide times to give a supper to his customers, that is to say, to furnish the eatables thereof—the leg of mutton and turnips, the fat goose and apple-sauce, and the huge plum-puddings—of which light viands that meal usually consisted, on an understanding that the aforesaid customers were to pay for the drinkables therewith consumed ; and, from the length of the sittings, as well as the reports current on such occasions, Hester was pretty well assured that the expenditure had been most judicious, and that the leg of mutton and trimmings had been paid for over and over. She herself being, as she expressed, “ a lone woman, and apt to be put upon,” had never gone farther in these matters than a cup of hyson and muffins, and a cup of hot elder-wine, to some of her cronies in the neighbourhood ; but, having considerable confidence both in the extent of Jacob's connexions and their tipping propensities, as well as in that faculty of getting tipsy and making tipsy in Jacob himself, which she regarded “ with one auspicious and one dropping eye,” as good and bad for her trade, she had at first no very great objection to try for once the experiment of a Christmas party ; nor was she so much startled at the idea of a dancing—dancing, as she observed, being a mighty provoker of thirst ; neither did she very greatly object to her husband's engaging old Timothy, the fiddler, to officiate for the evening, on condition of giving him as much ale as he chose to drink, although she perfectly well

knew what that promise implied, Timothy's example being valuable on such an occasion. But when the dreadful truth stared her in the face, that this entertainment was to be a *bona-fide* treat—that not only the leg of mutton, the fat goose, and the plum-puddings, but the ale, wine, spirits and tobacco were to come out of her coffers, then party, dancing, and fiddler became nuisances past endurance, the latter above all.

Old Timothy was a person of some note in our parish, known to every man, woman, and child in the place, of which, indeed, he was a native. He had been a soldier in his youth, and having had the good luck to receive a sabre wound on his skull, had been discharged from the service as infirm of mind, and passed to his parish accordingly; where he led a wandering pleasant sort of life, sometimes in one public-house, sometimes in another—tolerated as, Hester said, for his bad example, until he had run up a score that became intolerable, at which times he was turned out, with the work-house to go to, for a *pis aller*, and a comfortable prospect that his good-humour, his good fellowship, and his fiddle, would in process of time be missed and wanted, and that he might return to his old haunts and run up a fresh score. When half tipsy, which happened nearly every day in the week, and at all hours, he would ramble up and down the village, playing snatches of tunes at every corner, and collecting about him a never-failing audience of eight and ten-year-old urchins of either sex, amongst which small mob old Timothy, with his jokes, his songs, and his antics, was incredibly popular. Against Justice and Constable, treadmill and stocks, the sabre-cut was a protection, although, I must candidly confess, that I do not think the crack in the crown ever made itself visible in his demeanour until a sufficient quantity of ale had gone down his throat, to account for any aberration of conduct, supposing the broadsword in question never to have

approached his skull. That weapon served, however, as a most useful shield to our modern Timotheus, who, when detected in any outrageous fit of drunkenness, would immediately summon sufficient recollection to sigh and look pitiful, and put his poor, shaking, withered hand to the seam which the wound had left, with an air of appeal, which even I, with all my scepticism, felt to be irresistible.

In short, old Timothy was a privileged person; and terrible sot though he were, he almost deserved to be so, for his good-humour, his contentedness, his constant festivity of temper, and his good-will towards every living thing—a good-will which met with its usual reward in being heartily and universally returned. Every body liked old Timothy, with the solitary exception of the hostess of the Bell, who, having once had him as an inmate during three weeks, had been so scandalized by his disorderly habits, that, after having with some difficulty turned him out of her house, she had never admitted him into it again, having actually resorted to the expedient of buying off her intended customer, even when he presented himself pence in hand, by the gift of a pint of home-brewed at the door, rather than suffer him to effect a lodgment in her tap-room—a mode of dismissal so much to Timothy's taste, that his incursions had become more and more frequent, insomuch that “to get rid of the fiddler and other scapegraces, who were apt to put upon a lone woman,” formed a main article in the catalogue of reasons assigned by Hester to herself and the world, for her marriage with Jacob Frost. Accordingly, the moment she heard that Timothy's irregularities and ill example were likely to prove altogether unprofitable, she revived her old objection to the poor fiddler's morals, rescinded her consent to his admission, and insisted so vehemently on his being unordered, that her astonished husband, fairly out-talked and out-scolded, was fain to pur-

chase a quiet evening by a promise of obedience. Having carried this point, she forthwith, according to the example of all prudent wives, began an attack on another, and, having compassed the unordering of Timothy, began to bargain for uninviting her next neighbour, the widow Glen.

Mrs. Martha Glen kept a baker's and Chandler's shop in a wide lane, known by the name of the Broadway, and adorned with a noble avenue of oaks, terminating in the green whereon stood the Bell, a lane which, by dint of two or three cottages peeping out from amongst the trees, and two or three farm-houses, the smoke from whose chimneys sailed curlingly amongst them, might, in comparison with that lonely nook, pass for inhabited. Martha was a buxom widow, of about the same standing with Mistress Frost. She had had her share of this world's changes, being the happy relict of three several spouses; and was now a comely rosy dame, with a laughing eye and a merry tongue. Why Hester should hate Martha Glen was one of the puzzles of the parish. Hate her she did, with that venomous and deadly hatred that never comes to words; and Martha repaid the obligation in kind, as much as a habitually genial and relenting temper would allow, although certainly the balance of aversion was much in favour of Mrs. Frost. An exceedingly smooth, genteel, and civil hatred it was on both sides; such an one as would have done honor to a more polished society. They dealt with each other, curtsied to each other, sate in the same pew at church, and employed the same charwoman—which last accordance, by the way, may partly account for the long duration of discord between the parties. Betty Clarke, the help in question, being a sharp, shrewish, vixenish woman, with a positive taste for quarrels, who regularly reported every cool inuendo uttered by the slow and soft-spoken Mrs. Frost, and every hot retort elicited from the rash and hasty Martha, and con-

trived to infuse her own spirit into each. With such an auxiliary on either side, there could be no great wonder at the continuance of this animosity; how it began was still undecided. There were, indeed, rumours of an early rivalry between the fair dames for the heart of a certain lame shepherd, the first husband of Martha; other reports assigned as a reason the unlucky tricks of Tom Martin, the only son of Mrs. Glen by her penultimate spouse, and the greatest pickle within twenty miles; a third party had, since the marriage, discovered the jealousy of Jacob to be the proximate cause, Martha Glen having been long his constant customer, dealing with him in all sorts of fishery and fruitery for herself and her shop, from red-herrings to golden pippins; whilst a fourth party, still more scandalous, placed the jealousy to which they also attributed the aversion, to the score of a young and strapping Scotch pedlar, Simon Frazer by name, who travelled the country with muslins and cottons, and for whom certain malicious gossips asserted both ladies to entertain a lacking *penchant*, and whose insensibility towards the maiden was said to have been the real origin of her match with Jacob Frost, whose proffer she had accepted out of spite. For my own part, I disbelieve all and each of these stories, and hold it very hard that an innocent woman cannot entertain a little harmless aversion toward her next neighbour without being called to account for so natural a feeling. It seems that Jacob thought so too—for on Hester's conditioning that Mrs. Glen should be excluded from the party, he just gave himself a wink, and a nod, twisted his mouth a little more on one side than usual, and assented without a word; and with the same facility did he relinquish the bough of misletoe, which he had purposed to suspend from the bacon rack—the ancient misletoe bough, on passing under which our village lads are apt to snatch a kiss from the village maidens: a ceremony which offended

Hester's nicety, and which Jacob promised to abrogate; and, pacified by these concessions, the bride promised to make due preparation for the ball, whilst the bridegroom departed on his usual expedition to the coast.

Of the unrest of that week of bustling preparation, words can give but a faint image—Oh, the scourings, the cleanings, the sandings, the dustings, the scoldings of that disastrous week! The lame ostler and the red-haired parish girl were worked off their feet—"Even Sunday shone no Sabbath day to them"—for then did the lame ostler trudge eight miles to the church of a neighbouring parish, to procure the attendance of a celebrated bassoon player to officiate in lieu of Timothy; whilst the poor little maid was sent nearly as far to the head town, in quest of an itinerant show-woman, of whom report had spoken at the Bell, to beat the tambourine. The show-woman proved undiscoverable; but the bassoon player having promised to come, and to bring with him a clarionet, Mrs. Frost was at ease as to her music; and having provided more victuals than the whole village could have discussed at a sitting, and having moreover adorned her house with berried holly, china-roses and chrysanthemums after the most tasteful manner, began to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to wish for the return of her husband, to admire and to praise.

Late on the great day Jacob arrived, his cart laden with marine stores for his share of the festival. Never had the goodly village of Aberleigh witnessed such a display of oysters, muscles, periwinkles and cockles, to say nothing of apples and nuts, and two little kegs, snugly covered up, which looked exceedingly as if they had cheated the revenue, a packet of green-tea, which had something of the same air, and a new silk gown, of a flaming salmon-colour, straight from Paris, which he insisted on Hester's retiring to assume, whilst he remained to arrange the table and receive the company, who,

it being now about four o'clock P. M.—our good rustics can never have enough of a good thing—were beginning to assemble for the ball.

The afternoon was fair and cold, and dry and frosty, and Mathews's, Bridgwaters', Whites' and Jones's, in short the whole sacmerage and shopkeepery of the place, with a goodly proportion of wives and daughters, came pouring in apace. Jacob received them with much gallantry, uncloaking and unbonnetting the ladies, assisted by his two staring and awkward auxiliaries, welcoming their husbands and fathers, and apologizing, as best he might, for the absence of his helpmate; who, "perplexed in the extreme" by her new finery, which happening to button down the back, she was fain to put on hind side before, did not make her appearance till the greater part of the company had arrived, and the music had struck up a country dance. An evil moment, alas! did poor Hester choose for her entry! for the first sound that met her ear was Timothy's fiddle, forming a strange trio with the bassoon and the clarionet; and the first persons whom she saw were Tom Martin cracking walnuts at the chimney-side, and Simon Frazer saluting the widow Glen under the misletoe. How she survived such sights and sounds does appear wonderful—but survive them she did—for at three o'clock, A. M. when our reporter left the party she was engaged in a sociable game at cards, which, by the description, seems to have been long whist, with the identical widow Glen, Simon Frazer and William Ford, and had actually won fivepence-halfpenny of Martha's money; the young folks were still dancing gaily, to the sound of Timothy's fiddle, which had the good quality of going on almost as well drunk as sober, and it was now playing solo, the clarionet being *hors-de-combat* and the bassoon under the table. Tom Martin, after shewing off more tricks than a monkey, amongst the rest sewing the whole card-party together by the skirts, to the probable damage

of Mrs. Frost's gay gown, had returned to his old post by the fire, and his old amusement of cracking walnuts, with the shells of which he was pelting the little parish girl, who sat fast asleep on the other side; and Jacob Frost in all his glory, sat in a

cloud of tobacco smoke, roaring out catches with his old friend George Bridgewater, and half a dozen other "drowthy cronies," whilst "aye the aye the ale was growing better," and the Christmas party went merrily on.

A SONG.

YOUNG Joe, he was a carman gay,
As any town could show;
His team was good, and, like his pence,
Was always on the go;—
A thing, as every jackass knows,
Which often leads to *wo*!

It fell out that he fell in love,
By some odd chance or whim,
With Alice Payne—beside whose eyes
All other eyes were dim:
The painful tale must out—indeed,
She was *A Pain* to him.

For, when he asked her civilly
To make one of *they* two,
She whipp'd her tongue across her teeth,
And said, "D'y'e think it true,
I'd trust my *load* of life with *sich*
A waggoner as you?"

"No, no—to be a carman's wife
Will ne'er suit Alice Payne;
I'd better far a lone woman
For ever more remain,
Than have it said, while in my youth,
My life is on the *wain*!"

"Oh, Alice Payne! Oh, Alice Payne!
Why won't you meet with me?"
Then up she curl'd her nose, and said,
"Go axe you axetree;
I tell you, Joe, this—once for all—
My *joe* you shall not be."

She spoke the fatal "no" which put
A spoke into his wheel—
And stopped his happiness, as though
She'd cry *wo*! to his *wheel*:
These women ever steal our hearts,
And then their own they *steel*.

So round his melancholy neck
Poor Joe his drag-chain tied,
And hook'd it on a hook—"Oh! what
A weight is life!" he cried;
Then off he cast himself—and thus
The cast-off carman died!

Howbeit, as his sun was set,
(Poor Joe!) at set of sun,
They laid him in his lowly grave,
And gravely that was done;
And she stood by, and laugh'd outright—
How wrong—the guilty one!

But the day of retribution comes
Alike to prince and hind,
As surely as the summer's sun
Must yield to wintry wind,
Alas! she did not mind his peace—
So she'd no peace of mind.

For when she sought her bed of rest,
Her rest was all on thorns;
And there another lover stood,
Who wore a pair of horns:
His little tiny feet were cleft,
And cloven, like a fawn's;

His face and garb were dark and black,
As daylight to the blind;
And a something undefinable
Around his skirt was twin'd—
As if he were, like other pigs,
His pigtail out behind.

His arms, though less than other men's,
By no means *harm-less* were:
Dark elfin locks en-locked his brow—
You might not call them hair;
And, oh! it was a *gas-tly* sight
To see his eye-balls glare.

And ever, as the midnight bell
Twelve awful strokes had toll'd,
That dark man by her bedside stood,
Whilst all her blood ran cold;
And ever and anon he cried,
"I could a *tail* unfold!"

And so her strength of heart grew less,
For heart-less she had been;
And on her pallid cheek a small
Red hectic spot was seen:
You could not say her life was spent
Without a spot, I ween.

And they who mark'd that crimson light,
Well knew the treach'rous bloom—
A light that shines, alas! alas!
To light us to our tomb:
They said 'twas like thy cross, St. Paul's,
The *signal* of her doom.

And so it prov'd—she lost her health,
When breath she needed most—
Just as the winning herse gets blown
Close by the winning post:
The ghost, he gave up plaguing her—
So she gave up the ghost:

THE BLUE MAN.

AND why should there not be a blue man as well as a blue woman? If there be a blue stocking in one sex, why should there not be a blue gaiter in the other? *Blue* is an epithet hitherto always applied to women; but when did nature ever confine a species to one sex? if there be a female blue, of course there must be a male blue, and they generally herd together, and are always to be found together; and every body is acquainted with a *blue man*, though no one as yet has known him by that name. When I say there are men blues, of course I do not mean a great he-guardsman, who never wrote a book in his life, or even contributed to an album. Still less do I mean a real literary man, who *has* written a readable book, and may contribute to some magazine. The man I mean is something above a mere collector of autographs for ladies, though, of course, he possesses a collection; and beyond a mere copier of Lord Byron's poetry into an album, though he undoubtedly contributes his "original stanzas," or impromptu sonnet. A female blue can hardly exist without a male blue, to whom she looks up for her daily bread of flattery; and admires *his* talents in proportion as he exaggerates *hers*. But if a female blue cannot exist without a male blue, certainly there could be no male blue without a female blue, because from her, and from no other, does he derive his very existence, name, and fame. He is completely out of the pale of any other society, being much too shallow for men of talent and thought, too deep for those who have none. He has no pursuit or conversation in common with the generality of young men, who either think him a bore or a coxcomb (I think him both); his element, then, is the drawing-room of a literary lady. There you may see him about the hour of nine in the evening, (he is

not often asked at the more valued hour of seven,) before the gentlemen have come up from the dining-room, and about a quarter of an hour after the ladies have left it, stationed with his back against the mantel-piece, his general position, either playing with the chimney ornaments, or the pages of a magazine, or with a new book, or a scrap of poetized paper he is going to read from, but generally beating emphatic time to his words with a mother-of-pearl paper-cutter. There he stands, with a levee of ladies clustering about him, like the Pleiades, the object to which each languishing or eager eye is turned; that is, when it is not turned *upwards*, in eloquent admiration of his "beautiful sentiments." He talks to them like an encyclopædia, (which book, by the bye, is a very favourite and convenient study of his,) but for the most part disdaining the common every day topic of "the beautiful character of so and so in Scott's last novel;" takes his stand on the reviews, as common a position certainly, but a higher one in the sphere of ladies' literary conversation. It is a received rule with blue men to get up the Reviews, for there they are always safe; they are an easy abstract of the literature of the day; a short cut to knowledge, and always afford a ready subject for conversation. However the Blue Man at the mantel-piece, whenever I have strayed into the drawing-room and observed him, does not always give his fair auditory a dissertation on this and that article, or a refutation of this or that argument; that might be very dull to them, and very unsatisfactory to himself. He may, perhaps eulogize a sentiment, or refer to a "beautiful passage," or repeat a good thing of Sydney Smith's, which he has got up, but chiefly does he tell to his inquiring and admiring crowd who *wrote* this and who *wrote* that; what are the numbers, and the names, and

the talent, in the new dynasty of the Quarterly; or, perhaps, the alterations he suggested to young Macanlay in his "really very tolerable article" in the Edinburgh. Being fond of great names, which give him the semblance of a great man, he opens yet wider the starry eyes of his constellation of listeners, making them fixed stars, as he tells them how his friend Southey called on him at breakfast the other day, and hurried him off without his second cup of tea to —, in order to look over a manuscript of —'s. He tells them how often and how vainly Colburn, and, indeed, Campbell himself, had begged he would give them another article for the New Monthly; but indeed he had no time now. He hints that a man may pick up a good deal, and with very little trouble, by contributing to "these magazines." He used to do so when he first came to town, but now other and higher matters (he must not say what just at present) prevented him thinking of these things. Sinner and slave that he is, not one penny of any body's money did he ever touch. Not one line of his ever appeared in print, save in "poet's corner," or a letter to the editor of some newspaper; but in his drawers, if any body would take the trouble to look, they would find sundry rolls of MS., tied up with tape; and in his desk would be found (if he has not burnt them, but kept them as autographs of celebrated editors and publishers,) various notes, which run in the following easy, informal, and friendly style:—

"The editor of the — — presents his compliments to Mr. —, and is obliged by his polite offer of the accompanying article. There are objections, however, as regards its suiting the pages of the — — so well as some others which have preceded it, and of which an abundant stock remains on hand. It is, therefore, returned with acknowledgments." This letter is no fiction, but a real verbatim copy of one, which a blue cousin of mine showed me with a little degree of

pride, at what he deemed the attention and politeness of the editor of one of the magazines, to whom he was about to offer another article, which he was sure, from the civility of that note, would be favourably received.

It will be seen, from what has been said, that the Blue Man must be an accomplished liar, and that's a pity, because, as to his profession, he is generally a popular preacher; sometimes, indeed, a young barrister. But I am inclined to think there are more blue popular preachers than blue barristers; the former are more in the habit of living upon ladies' smiles, sometimes, indeed, upon their tears. The complexion of a Blue Man is generally fair, blue eyes, of course, and light hair; though I have known them dark, with dark hair, and then they are generally very sallow, and the cast of their countenance melancholy, that is, interesting.

Perhaps a history of the early education, habits, and manners of a Blue Man may not be uninteresting to the philosophic reader. I can give it partly; yet perhaps it will be thought I take too much upon myself, and write too fluently on a subject I am not acquainted with: but I *am* acquainted with it, and know all about the matter. I have been behind the scenes; I will tell you how. I have a cousin, of whom I hinted somewhat, who is a decided Blue Man, and a very fine and fair specimen of the species in question. I was at the same school with him when he was about ten, and I a year and a half older. He was a pale, rather sickly and sallow boy; with that hasty, peevish expression of countenance, and mistrustful, unsociable manner, which made me and other boys always long to lick him; and so we did, though he was my cousin. He had the character of muzzing a good deal; but after all, it was not at his lessons; there we did him wrong; but I found out afterwards it was at those abominable efforts of juvenile genius which mothers delight in so much. Copies of bad verses; most heroic

essays about Jupiter, Hannibal, or the Trojan war; and sometimes a play, according to his notions of ode. As to his mother, it was the old story over again. She showed this nonsense to her friends in the boy's presence, gave him sweetmeats for his precocious compositions, and paid him a penny a line for his poetry. Thus encouraged, all these proofs of genius accumulated in his brain and on his paper, so much as, in a great measure, to push Latin and Greek from their stools. I lost sight of him after the space of two years, being taken away from school, where I left him to his literature and lollipops.

The next time I fell in with him was at College, where he contributed to the Cambridge Chronicle; drank nearly a dozen of white wine during his three years; consumed a great deal of tea; read magazines, and wrote for them without success; filled albums with rhymes and beautiful extracts in prose; visited a banker's family, with whose daughter he commenced a literary flirtation, and taught her the principles of Spurzheim; gave literary tea-parties, with wax candles and lemonade; got up speeches for the Union, and shirked the replies; wrote a five-act tragedy, consequently complained of the stupidity of managers; wore out a great many caps and gowns, for he seldom sported beaver; wrote for all the prizes, and wrote to all his friends to come and hear him recite them—always, unfortunately, was *very near* getting them; was joint editor of a wretched weekly pamphlet, which died a miserable death three weeks after its birth; took a poor degree, took his leave, and, finally, took orders.

I next saw him at a large country-house of an uncle of ours, in which a large winter party was congregated; and then his great ambition was to be thought a reading and a knowing, and what is generally called a remarkably clever young man; for which purpose there were always a great many books missing from the library, which he carried up into his bedroom; and

took care the people in the house should hear him raking out his fire at two o'clock in the morning. The housemaid no doubt saw his tomes, and wondered at his learning and late hours; probably told it in the servants's hall, and privately it came to the ears of the guests. I can't conceive how he contrived to procure such a large correspondence as he had. Every morning at breakfast the servant brought him such a pile of letters, as made every body think him a very happy man, perhaps a great man; certainly a man of some consequence. These letters he used to receive with an air of concern; look over their directions and post marks; then gravely, but ostentatiously, (for he always put the franks uppermost,) lay them down by the side of his plate, till breakfast was over, when he would again look at their directions and post marks, thrust them into his pocket, and march into the library to read his probable nothings. He never rode out with us, for he could not ride, the wretch! he never went out shooting, for he said it was cruel, and some ladies smiled approbation at his tenderness; he never played billiards, and the only game he condescended to play was chess. Scene the fourth and last of this strange eventful history is laid in London. Thither he went, sent by his anxious mother, who was convinced he would make a great display in the metropolis. He took lodgings, after ample instructions from his careful parent, to look after his tea and sugar; to lock up the one, and take care the mice did not soil the other; to have an eye on the lodging-house maid, that she might not pilfer his pens or sealing-wax; to buy his own candles, to take care his linen was well aired, and to write home a long letter once a week.

By an introduction to Murray and a subscription to Colburn's: by a plausibility of manner, and a volubility of tongue; by some little talent, and a great deal of assurance, he contrived to pick up much literary gos-

sip. He knew what publications were coming out; found out the writers of different articles in reviews and magazines; twice walked down Bond-street in company with Moore, "Tommy Moore," as he always called him in company; breakfasted once with ———, and was asked to a tea party at Mrs. B's; and thus furnished with literary news, with topics to enlarge upon, and matter for boasting, he became the kind of mantel-piece Blue Man, I endeavoured, in the first instance, to describe; a sort of literary pedlar, who was ever surrounded by a host of female customers, eager and anxious for his wares; or, to speak more sublimely, like Saturn with a luminous coronet of circling beauties, shining and shone upon.

The most extraordinary thing to me was the glibness and facility with which he used to bring out, twenty in a minute, the names of all who ever figured in modern print, or were given credit for a grain of talent; his nature, however, always made him give the preference to female genius. He was intimate with Miss Edgeworth, and had danced (I mean he said so) with all her younger sisters.

L. E. L. had often shown him her poems before publication; and the secret of her love he was well acquainted with; and that put me in mind that he once, but once only, hinted he was the cause of the Ennuyée's melancholy and wanderings. At Hampstead he had dined with Miss Benger and drank tea with Miss Baillie, where he met Miss Aiken, who introduced him to somebody else. His library was full of presentation copies. Mrs. H. Moore had given him her "Practical Piety," and Mrs. Opie her "Lying in all its Branches." I never saw the effect of the first in his conduct; and his picture would make a good illustrative frontispiece to the latter. But let me leave him to his mantel-piece, his lady lectures, and his seven cups of tea, which he drinks in imitation of Dr. Johnson. I will say no more. My blue cousin would look black enough if he thought I had been taking his likeness—only my great safety is, that his vanity would never allow him to recognise himself as the original of the picture, and I am content he should not—Requiescat in pace.

LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

ABOUT the end of the year 1749, two vehicles were rolling rapidly, one close after the other on the road from Paris to Versailles. The foremost was the *coche public*, which contained only one passenger, M. Pigafet, a man of much merit; the other, a brilliant equipage, drawn by two superb and vigorous horses, drove towards the dwelling of power, conveying thither Comte de M——, a nobleman renowned throughout Europe for his talents, his opulence, and his singular adventures. The noble coursers were on the point of passing, and leaving far behind them the poor hacks of the public coach—when the wheels knocked together; and the shock was so violent, that the public vehicle, its *conducteur*, its horses, and its solitary passenger,

were rolled pell-mell into the middle of the road. M. Pigafet, in his fall, dislocated his right hand; Comte de M——, who was naturally a good and feeling man, made him all the apologies possible, expressed his sincere regret, and offered him a place in his carriage to finish his journey. The driver was recompensed for his misadventure; and, as soon as they arrived at Versailles, the Comte sent for a surgeon, who dressed M. Pigafet's hand. Pigafet, touched by the constant attentions of his new host, and with the chagrin which he seemed to feel for being the cause of this trifling accident, thought it incumbent on him to relieve his conscience, and assured the Comte that the clash of the two vehicles was not to be attributed either to the restiveness of the

horses, or the *maladresse* of the driver—but to the pertinacity of his own evil destiny, which had always placed a ditch between him and the object at which he aimed—a rock ahead at the mouth of every harbor he tried to enter. “My journey to Versailles was to destroy or realize a great hope,” said he: “I had just arrived at the object, and I am rolled in the ditch. I ought to have expected as much—all is as it should be; and it really is more honour than I am accustomed to, to see a noble Comte in the number of the causes of my thousand and one catastrophes. Once, a curst lap-dog made me lose the object of my affections—a bon-mot closed the doors of the Academy upon me, perhaps, for ever—and a contemptible insect, I may say, hurled me from a throne.”

Comte de M——, astonished at this speech, looked steadily at M. Pigafet, he, nevertheless, appeared to speak with calmness and sincerity. His look was tranquil and undisturbed: in fact, he shewed no symptoms of being out of his mind. His host, whose curiosity had been strongly excited, again expressed all the interest he took in his fate, sought to dissuade him from drawing such sinister presages from his late accident, and concluded by requesting to be informed on the subject of those surprising adventures, of which he appeared to be the victim.

M. Pigafet, as may be conjectured from his preamble, was as much disposed to speak as the Comte to hear, and did not wait to be asked twice. “I was born in Paris,” said he; “my father, an honest, but theorizing man, had discovered in me some aptitude for intellectual labours, and thought he was providing for my future welfare in setting me to acquire, all at once, superficial information in a great number of arts and sciences—being persuaded that an acquaintance with these different branches of knowledge would qualify me to choose a path suited to my genius and my abilities.

“The progress of civilization

among nations—the gradual consolidation of societies in the midst of barbarism and disturbance—this voluntary curb which force imposes on itself;—in a word, all the benefits of legislation strongly affected my mind. I accordingly betook myself to the study of law, and became an *avocat*. I had acquired some reputation at the bar, when I was called on to plead at the Chatelet, in a cause, of the justice of which I was perfectly convinced. My antagonist, a man of the name of Bernard—as mere a blunderer as ever existed, but who contrived to conceal his ignorance and fatuity under a false air of modesty—pronounced, in a stammering way, a very bad pleading, which nevertheless, was the production of some one else. His voice lowered so much during the course of reading, that not a word was heard at the end; and a buzz of private conversation got up among the public, in the hall, and even on the bench. I spoke in my turn, and was heard with the greatest attention; but in the heat of delivery, a vehement gesture which I made, deranged my wig, and gave me so grotesque an appearance, that an universal laugh burst from all quarters, which was augmented by the unlucky efforts I made to repair the disorder in my legal head-dress. I not only lost my cause, but every time that I appeared at the bar, the same laugh awaited me on my occupying the tribune. I lost courage, and quitted a career in which an equivocal gesture is sufficient to compromise the rights of the widow and the orphan.

“Physical and moral inquiries into the nature of man had always great attractions for me; I was acquainted with some branches of natural science, and the medical system then in fashion seemed to me susceptible of important ameliorations. I devoted myself to medicine with ardour: I compared Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenna with the moderns, and fancied I perceived that the sublime science had degenerated, by losing its simplicity in the hands of doc-

tors of the bolus, and elixir. I had the courage to combat inflammatory diseases by water, regimen, and bleeding; I even dared to prescribe Jesuits' bark, which then was in the height of its popularity. I obtained numberless enemies among apothecaries, wine merchants, and my brother physicians; but proud of the unexpected success, which every day awaited my exertions, I boldly pursued my course. Being called one day to consult with a physician newly admitted, I recognized in him Bernard, my old antagonist at the bar. He also had become a doctor; and differing with me as to the manner of treating our patient, he declared him a dead man if I managed him according to my system. The patient, however, confided in me, in which he did right, for he was speedily growing convalescent: when, having taken some grapes by my direction, a cursed grape-stone stuck in his œsophagus, and occasioned such violent efforts in his attempts to get rid of it, that it induced apoplexy, and he died suddenly, to the great joy of Bernard, who boasted every where of his prediction, and prated about what he called the fatal effects of my system. My reputation suffered, and his increased. In the wine-rooms, and the apothecaries' shops, the clamours against me redoubled. It was in vain that I proved that the unlucky grape-stone alone had destroyed the beneficent effects of my care—nobody would listen to me. To add to my misfortune, Gil Blas appeared about the same time, and it was thought that Dr. Sangrado was drawn for me. Every body gave me the nick-name, and ridicule finished what ill-luck had begun. I lost all credit—and with me, I scruple not to say, the rising edifice of the real art of curing disorders fell to the ground.

"A nick-name in France often hurts more than a bad action. The wound inflicted by the weapon of ridicule is only to be cicatrized under other skies, and in different climates. I realized my little fortune, resolving

to speculate upon it, I became a voluntary exile from my jeering country.

"Commerce, the link of nations, the parent of civilization, the perpetual source from which all the blessings and luxuries of life are supplied, is, to a thinking man, an object worthy of the most profound meditation. In spite of the contempt which little people, with great airs, or great names affect to feel for it, it is, said I, to extend or protect commerce that all wars are undertaken, that kings risk the security of their thrones, and shed the blood even of their nobles; that diplomacy supplies all the resources of genius and cunning; that the useful arts are perfected, and that an external correspondence of emulation and activity is kept up in all the civilized world. I became then a merchant: I established myself in the West Indies, into which I imported the productions of French manufactures, and sent back to France in return transatlantic commodities, always excepting Jesuit's bark: for, superior to Coriolanus, I did not wish to injure my ungrateful compatriots. My commercial transactions prospered beyond my expectations; and in a few years, my funds having increased tenfold, permitted me to revisit, with a large fortune honorably acquired, the dear spot where I was born, and to brave the jokes and nicknames of my old rivals. With the hope of making a still more considerable addition to my fortune, I employed the greatest part of my capital in the purchase of India stuffs, then very fashionable in Paris, and embarked immediately for France, with my mind full of the most flattering projects of future happiness. The voyage was prosperous: but on disembarking I found that almost all my goods had been pierced and gnawed through by a little worm which had got into the bales. I was ruined. The next day another ship, freighted by that same Bernard, who seemed destined to pursue me every where, arrived with a cargo of the same stuffs—ho

had the market to himself, and for the third time he profited by my disaster.

"Despair seized on me. A Russian general, with whom I had returned from the West Indies, advised travelling to rally my spirits, and proposed to me to accompany him into his own country, where, he said, I could not fail to obtain an advantageous employment from my varied knowledge, and the protection which, at that time, the Russian government held out to the French. I accepted his proposal, and set out for St. Petersburg, where I soon became acquainted with the most powerful men of the court. I asked for a professorship—a seat in the judicature—or a place in the administration; but a war with Sweden occupied every body's attention, and the only answer I received was, *we want soldiers, not professors; we want soldiers, not judges; we want soldiers, not secretaries.* I called on my friend the General, and he made me his aide-de-camp. The war broke out. I distinguished myself in some smart engagements, and was fortunate enough to save the life of Marshal Lacy, at the battle of Willmanstrand. From that time, he became my declared patron, and I cherished a hope of acquiring fame in a military career. I commanded the corps which was the first to penetrate into the Isle of Alland; and the Empress Elizabeth, on the conclusion of peace, deigned to write me a letter, with her own hand, expressive of her satisfaction at my conduct, and appointing me governor of Astracan.

"Every thing was going on in the most favorable way possible for me: and I had no further ambition but the honour of commanding in chief in an action of sufficient importance to prove my capacity, and to give me a rank among the illustrious warriors of the north. An opportunity was soon presented. The famous Thomas Kouli Khan, who had usurped the throne of Persia, covered all of a sudden the shores of the Caspian with his warlike hordes. A consi-

derable body of independent Tartars, excited by him, threatened the banks of the Volga, and I marched to oppose them, at the head of veteran troops, trained in the Swedish wars, reinforced by some brave Circassian Tartars, who had just implored the protection of Russia. The prospect of success did not appear to me even doubtful. Thamas was still far distant; my adversaries were not soldiers, but brigands, without discipline, commanded by chiefs without experience. Nevertheless, not dazzled by such brilliant appearances, I called to my assistance all the resources, all the stratagems of tactics: I harassed and disturbed the enemy by false marches, I deceived him by false reports, and chose the most advantageous point of attack, after having drawn up on his flanks a strong ambuscade, to divert him if he obtained any advantage at first, and to destroy him on his retreat. Well, Monsieur le Comte! would you believe it, I was beaten after all! In the middle of the action, when the battalions of the enemy were on the very point of running away, a northeaster arose all on a sudden, and drove at once into our ranks a cloud of dust so thick, and burning, that they were blinded, and could not distinguish allies from adversaries. The Circassians and Russians fell upon one another; and the enemy, recalled to the battle by the advantage of his position, conquered us without any difficulty, after having, I know not how, destroyed the ambuscade which I had prepared with so much skill. Thus were the hopes of a great name, the confidence of an empress, the fruits of many years of glory and danger, blown away by a cloud of dust! Dust rendered useless the superiority of my troops, the wisdom of my measures, and the efforts of my provident tactics. But judge what was my astonishment and indignation, when I learned that the miserable vagabonds, my conquerors, had been commanded during the action by that eternal Bernard, who came across me every where in my

days of misfortune! I shall not explain to you by what chance he was in Asia, as head of a horde of bandits—for I do not know it. I had little time to think of him at that moment; I had enough to do to think of myself. My government of Astracan was taken away from me; and, fearing something worse than disgrace, I hastened to return to Europe, with a design of speedily regaining France. But my destiny had decreed otherwise. A new misfortune awaited me in Germany: I fell in love.

"You will not ask how a young, handsome, rich, and romantic coquette had the art of winning my heart, by affecting alternately the tone of sentiment, or the airs of reserve and coldness. By means of attentions, *tendresses*, and sacrifices of all kinds, I thought that I at last had succeeded in disarming her rigor. One day, in a delicious *tête-à-tête*, she deigned to show me that I was not hated. I knew that the pathetic alone pleased her in love. I was violently smitten, and became eloquent: I prayed, conjured, wept, and I saw her becoming gradually more and more tender; when, to put a seal on this scene of delirium, I thought it necessary to fall at her feet. I did so; and, as ill-fate would have it, I put my knee on the paw of her pet lap-dog, who barked and bit me. There was an end of the pathetic! My beauty burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was my formal dismissal; for she respected herself too much to give her hand to a lover who made her laugh, and thereby dishonoured her course of life, devoted to pensiveness and contemplation. You have already guessed that Bernard, the vulture ceaselessly clinging to his continually re-growing prey, was not far off. Again he profited by my mishap; and I learned that, in some time after, he married my fair coquette.

"My love although foolish, was sincere. All taste for retirement, all desire of returning to France, had

left me. I felt an ardent necessity for new emotions, which would extinguish, or at least alleviate, the regret occasioned, in spite of myself, by my silly passion. I learned that a new colonial company was organizing to explore the coasts of Guinea, from the Volta to Jackin; and I soon became one of the passengers on board the first vessel bound on this expedition. After having sojourned some time in the fertile kingdom of Juida, and finding that my companions, whom until then I considered as new argonauts, destined to carry the blessings of civilization among barbarous tribes, were only busy in carrying on the slave trade, I wished to realize, by my own exertions, the honourable intentions which I had so generously supposed for them; and traversing the territory of Ardra, I pushed forward into the continent. The first Africans I met in this excursion fled at my approach, terrified at such a sight; but they speedily returned in greater numbers, surrounded me with piercing shouts, formed a circle round me, seized me, manacled me, and brought me before their chief. I was in the kingdom of Dahomay, which had not till then been visited by any European.

"The great Dahomay, king of the country, was himself a little terrified when he saw me: but he recollected, as I learnt afterwards, that his grandfather, Trudo Audati, the hero of that part of Africa, had often related to him that, in his time, white men had fallen into his power during the course of his conquests. This idea encouraged him, and it was so much the better for me; for at first he was more inclined to consider me a devil than a man. In some months—thanks to the scanty vocabulary and syntax which compose the jargon of savage tribes—I was able to converse with him. Initiated by me into the mysteries of the civilization of our wonderful Europe, he took a great affection towards me. A terrible distemper, of which I cured him (by means of water, regimen, and bleeding,) advanced me still further in his

good graces. I became his most intimate counsellor, and I hoped to become at last the legislator of these unknown regions. This idea pleased my imagination; and I exerted all my energies to destroy in Dahomay the atrocious and superstitious customs which infect that quarter of the African continent.

"The king, who was a man of good sense and excellent disposition, seemed to enter sometimes into my projects; but his belief in his fetiches—that power of consecration which time gives to the most absurd things—opposed continual obstacles to my philanthropic views. Nevertheless, I triumphed over everything. Slaves were no longer sacrificed on the tomb of their masters, with his favourite wives; human victims were no longer offered up to shapeless gods of wood or stone; punishments, proportioned to transgressions, no longer crushed and confounded together crime and error; armies were recruited, without devouring all the active part of the population; and agriculture, hitherto confined to feeble women, incapable of sustaining for a long time such labours, devolved upon the men who no longer thought that cultivating the earth, and forming provident habits, were unworthy of them, when they saw abundance and comfort succeeding to misery and ennui.

As these good effects speedily followed my advice, the king transferred to me the marks of gratitude which he received from his people for these unexpected changes. He wished to associate me in his power; and the proposal, when he made it to the elders of the nation, was received with the loudest acclamations. Nothing remained but to proceed to my installation. From time immemorial, the consecration of the kings of Dahomay consists in marching them before the people and the army, mounted upon a superb white elephant, one of the fetiches of the country, according to the movements of which the priests prognosticate the brilliancy and duration of the

commencing reign. I give this warning to legislators. I thought I should respect some ancient prejudices of the country: I raised my new laws on the foundation of the old, and when I was on the point of obtaining the object of all my cares and all my toils, the old bases shook under me, and afterwards the new edifice.

"An *insondo*, a miserable insect about the size of one of our ants, but the most formidable enemy of the elephant, had insinuated itself into the proboscis of the animal on which I was mounted in triumph. Irritated by the stinging of the insect, my elephant at first showed great impatience, to the great astonishment of the populace: but the pain he suffered soon raised his fury to the highest pitch. Uttering the most dreadful cries, and rushing forward in rage, he dashed to pieces his huge forehead on a neighbouring rock. I was saved; but another danger, of no less magnitude, awaited me. The priests declared me unworthy, not only of the throne, but of life; the prosperity of the state had been compromised; my innovations had raised against me the shade of Trudo Audati, and the mortal gods of Dahomay. The king was attached to me—he owed me his life; but the death of his fetiche had alarmed his superstition. He balanced for a while, but gratitude finally prevailed; and he commuted my punishment to exile, after ordering me a very tolerable bastinadoing, to quiet his conscience.

"An insect which bred on the shoals in the midst of the Adriatic, exposed Venice, in the height of her power, to more danger than all the kings of Europe leagued against her; an insect flung me from a throne, and changed perhaps the destinies of an entire continent!

"I afterwards learnt that the people of Dahomay regretted me: they sent after me into the kingdom of Juida—but I had already left the coasts of Guinea. Their emissaries thought they could fill my place by any man of the same colour, and proposed to one of the Europeans,

whom they met, to accompany them. He accepted it; my services to Dahomay were turned over to him; he was loaded with riches and honours. That man was . . . Bernard! If I was fond of revenge, I should have rejoiced at the accident which placed my ungrateful subjects under the power of a mere intriguer, without any capacity.

"I have not much more to say. I returned to France, and turned author, in the hope of finding in literary labors that repose and happiness after which I had so long sighed. I thought I had only to write for posterity—but was soon disabused by my contemporaries. An interesting work which I composed, on the manners, customs, and politics of the barbarous kings of Africa, was regarded by the censors as a satire against the sovereigns of Europe. The work was forbidden, and the author was in no small danger of being sent to the Bicetre or the Bastille. I still, however, panted after glory; and not being able to be a great physician or a great general, I wished, at all events, to have my name inscribed on the list of the forty immortals—and I wrote a tragedy. By means of much care and trouble, I had it performed; but a wit of the parterre damned it in the third scene by a joke; a very good joke, I confess, but not at all conclusive as to the merits of the piece. In the mean time, Bernard, having returned to Paris, modestly enjoyed there the high reputation of a warrior, a lawgiver, and a philosophical traveller. Thinking to repair, as much as possible, my theatrical failure, I endeavored to bring together some people of fashion, and many of the literati, to hear my play read. An opera dancer, who was *protected* by Bernard, gave, on the same day, a grand *souper*; all the literati were engaged to it; and I had no other auditors but some young dandies, and some old rakes of the Regency, who listened to me with affected grimaces, yawning, or dosing, and ratified the decree of the public by pronouncing

unanimously my play detestable. I was not discouraged: and an epic poem was the fruit of this poetical resignation. No bookseller would print it: my reputation had preceded me; and, on going out of one of their shops, I learned that Bernard had been just named a member of the Academy—for admission into which illustrious body he offered no other title than that of having composed a *quatrain* in honour of that high and handsome lady, whom Maria-Theresa had called *her friend and good cousin* (Madame de Pompadour).

"After having exercised all employments, with some talent, and much honesty, I began to think that intriguing mediocrity has the best chance of success. A man of this class has gathered the fruit of all my talents—all my toils in the four quarters of the globe. I was growing old, and felt the necessity of securing my future prospects. It was, however, with some pain that I decided on falling into the common track. Soliciting for place, I frequented the anti-chambers of the great; I wrote petitions to them, and *bouquets-a-Chloris* for their mistresses. I made friends in the newspapers, in the public offices—even in the king's *garde-robe*. Finally, I obtained zealous patrons, and all the necessary steps to obtain the employment which I solicited were made. The road to the court was opened, and I had nothing to do but present my petition to the king: it is only natural that the hand which was to have presented it should be struck powerless all at once. I foresaw my fate, and do not complain. The clashing of our vehicles has overturned with me, in the middle of the way, the result of all my assiduity with the great, and my verses to Chloris; but for once, my ill-luck be praised! It would have been too painful a reflection, that the only blameable action of my life should be the only one attended with success. From every little check a great good results, when considered from a proper point of view. If my different catas-

trophes have hurt my fortune and my reputation—things in themselves frail and perishable—they have also developed my mind, and enlarged the sphere of my understanding, by compelling me to exercise my moral powers in different ways among different nations: they have taught me, not to squander either esteem or disdain, without a profound knowledge of men and things, according to vain appearances; for many men of talent and merit must exist in the world whom unfavorable circumstances and unlucky chances have cast, like myself, into the obscure ranks of the poor and unknown. The *éclat* of grand titles and great reputations do not now impose upon me. A trifle is sufficient to raise or destroy all human glories, as I have often experienced. The shape of Cleopatra's nose (as Pascal has observed with so much sagacity) caused the fortune of Augustus and the ruin of Antony, and deranged the face of the world. According to the academician, Duclos, the vermin which torment the Roman conclaves have frequently triumphed over intrigues and seductions, and made popes of people who but for them never would have attained the dignity. A child playing in the shop of a spectacle-maker, is the cause of discovering myriads of suns and new worlds, and prepares, without thinking of it, the way for the reputation of Simon Magus, of Galileo, of twenty other great astronomers. A falling apple demonstrated to Newton the laws of the universe, and perhaps revealed to him the extent of his own genius. As for me, who seem to have been cast into the world to prove the influence which can be exercised over the destinies of man, the master of the earth, by the most subaltern and contemptible causes; such as an awkward gesture, a nick-name, a grape-stone, a worm, a blast of dust, a puppy-dog, an insect, or a censor: I say, as for me, have not these trifles closed before my footsteps twenty paths to glory or honour? I might have become a fatalist; but I will

not. Mad, a thousand-fold mad are they who refuse to believe that an infinite mind presides over the creation of these beings, so low in the scale of creation as to be almost imperceptible, yet all-important in the great proceedings of the universe. The harmony of the world is kept up only by apparent irregularities. I shall not cry out: All is right; but I will say, nothing is useless or contemptible. An atom acquires importance by its position, like a cypher [0] in arithmetical calculation. Every thing has its power of action; every thing may become a lever in its turn; every thing has been produced to keep up that eternal reaction of good and evil which alone gives motion and life to the creation."

M. Pigafet concluded; and Comte de M——, after having heard in silence his long philosophical *tirade*, replied, "Your history has surprised and interested me more than you can imagine. Your profound understanding, however, M. Pigafet, does not appear to have yet made you comprehend that, if unmerited misfortunes may continually cling to a man without tarnishing him, fortune often smiles also on men, perhaps unworthy of her favours, from the weakness of their capacity, but who yet would not condescend to look for them by intrigue or baseness.—I am Bernard!—that Bernard who profited by your disasters without having caused them—who was sometimes your rival, never your enemy who has obtained a great reputation without having looked for it, and arrived at honors without caring about them—and who has no more reason to blush for his prosperity than you for your misfortunes!" Here M. Pigafet attempted to interrupt the Comte, or Bernard, if you so please to call him; but the latter, having implored his silence by a gesture, went on thus:—"It is my turn to tell you the principal events of my life; I shall be brief—for my history is but the supplement of your's.

"It may be a good thing to follow one's vocation in the choice of a pro-

session; but as I had no particular vocation for one thing more than another, I only consulted the taste of my father, and became a lawyer to oblige him. If, however, I wanted eloquence, I did not want common-sense; and I soon felt that nature had denied me the gifts of oratory. Hence arose that timidity—that confusion—that feebleness of voice, which struck you so forcibly in my first pleading. The accident of your perrwig made me share in the general laugh, in which I own I was wrong; but people cannot always contain themselves, and your appearance was really most comical. My unexpected success did not blind me as to my want of capacity for the bar; for, a few days afterwards, one of my uncles, a rich and fashionable physician, having proposed to make me his heir at law, provided that I was in a condition to inherit, at the same time, his fortune and his practice, I became a physician to oblige my uncle, as I had become a lawyer to oblige my father. In my new profession, I just knew as much as entitled me to put on the medical robe; I knew what I had learned—nothing more: and every innovation appeared to me a sacrilege. You should not wonder, then, that I was indignant on seeing you touch the very ark of our profession, and I darted my prediction of death against your patient as an anathema. The grape-stone gave me a triumph, but did not dazzle me nevertheless; for my uncle having died about this time, I inherited his fortune, gave up his practice, and resolved to pass the remainder of my life in that *dolce far niente*, which was the only object of my indolent ambition.

“My agent—a man honest enough, considering his situation—placed my capital in commerce, and made a very fair profit upon it for us both; I got my share, and did not complain of his. Your unlucky worm might certainly have assisted me in getting off my commodities; but, as I cannot plead guilty to conspiring with it, I am not called on for my defence on

this point. Years rolled on, and idleness was becoming burthensome, and I accordingly determined to travel. Veracious travellers and most peculiarly inspired poets had informed me, that the East was the empire of roses and beauty; and as I happened to like very much both pretty flowers and pretty women, I set out for Persia, after having read over again my travellers, my poets, and the Arabian Nights, that I might be quite informed on the manners and customs of the countries which I was to traverse. On getting there, however, I found few roses, and no women—but, in their stead, general misery, terror in every face, and continual massacres between the Usbecks and the Persians. Kouli Khan, otherwise called Nadir Shah, was then in the height of his renown; and I fled before his arms, which were ravaging every thing as they went along. I arrived among the independent Tartars, who at first determined on cutting off my nose and ears—but having perceived on my left cheek a wart, which they consider as a certain presage of good fortune, they changed their views, and appointed me commander-in-chief of the troops which they were assembling to second the efforts of Nadir against Russia.

“My dear Monsieur Pigafet, you know as well as I do the event of that campaign; but you do not know that I, who am not gifted with a very warlike disposition, thought of nothing from the beginning of the action but to save myself from all risk, and turned my bridle to run away. A part of my troops, filled with confidence in my war, followed all my motions, and galloped after me into a little grove of palm-trees; where, by the greatest chance in the world, we surprised your fine ambuscade, who did not expect us. They had surrendered at the moment when that terrible cloud of dust drove us back again into the field of battle, where we found you in the greatest disorder, one part of your troops fighting against the other. We let you amuse

yourselves in this way for some time, and then easily despatched you. I was brought back in triumph by my Tartars, loud in the praises of my valour and my wart.

"I got my share of the plunder; but tired with glory, as I had been with idleness, I left my Tartars, and visited the north of Europe. I married, as you know, a charming woman in Germany, who fell in love with me for no other reason but because I was a Frenchman. Your hasty quarrel with her had made a noise; slander was beginning to be busy with the affair, and she was getting frightened: but you had been only a short time in that part of the country. She lived solitary and retired; few people had been witnesses of your flirtation; and she thought that, in giving her hand to a countryman of your's the adventure would blow over. All your cares and attentions reverted, therefore, to me. I was thus exempted from all the long trials to which she put you; and, having speedily replaced you in her affections, our marriage had all the air of a reconciliation. She is dead: I was sorry for her loss—for, in spite of her whims, she had an excellent heart.

"In the course of some years afterwards, I furnished a great part of the capital for that colonial company, the projects of which so splendidly deceived you. I felt a new desire for an active life; but this time I did not go in quest of the land of roses and beauty: I went to Africa, at the head of a large expedition into Guinea. Our affairs prospered, and might have become still more successful; for we had certain intelligence that immense gold mines existed in the interior of the country. But how could we penetrate among barbarous negroes, the most of whom were cannibals? I was thinking on the subject, when I was all at once met by the deputies of the great Dahomay, who, on examining my countenance, proposed to me to accompany them. Of course, I did not let so fair an opportunity slip; and the descendant of Trudo Audati re-

ceived me with the most lively demonstrations of joy and friendship. He offered to sacrifice a thousand slaves to do me honour, and to present me with six hundred negresses for my seraglio. I thanked him for his kind offers, but told him I did not think bloodshed any honour; and, as for the ladies, I assured him that six hundred mistresses were by no means necessary for me. He replied, that my humanity and modesty pleased him, but that he himself had two thousand ladies, and contrived to manage them without much trouble. He then asked me my name, and when he heard it, he was going to prostrate himself before me; for it seems that Berr-Nahr, in the language of the Algemis, which is commonly spoken in Dahomay, signifies *the most divine*. We became the best friends in the world: I found that he had the greatest affection for you, and he employed me to revise your laws, a little discredited by the accident of the *insondo*. I made scarcely any change; but it was necessary that I should shew some proofs of capacity. Accordingly I gathered your laws, and gave them the name of the *Code Bernard*, or rather *Berr-Nahr*—and this inspired the people with the highest opinion of my talents. Finally, having made use of my power to work the gold mines of Dahomay, I left Africa loaded with wealth, and accompanied by the blessing of all the population, to return to France.

"On my arrival at Paris, I became the object of general curiosity. I was the modern Cicero, or Hippocrates—the hero of the Volga—the Lycurgus of Africa. The truth was, I was immensely rich. Of course, I had a great number of friends, who spoke of nothing but my wit and talent, and I swallowed the flattery without opposition. Patrons presented themselves in all directions, who told me that an *ex-king* of Dahomay ought at least to be a count in France, and I purchased the title which I bear. My friends assured me that fashion required I should

keep an opera-girl: fashion also required that the lady should receive the literati at her suppers; and these gentleman persuaded me that fashion required that a great nobleman like me, should be a member of the Academy. I had written—God knows why—a quatrain on the Marquise de P——, and I was made an academician.

"Thus my dear Monsieur Pigafet, without intrigue or cabal—led by fortune or chance—guided by the subaltern causes which occasioned your misfortunes—seconded by my wart, my name, my country, the colour of my skin, the suppers of my dancing-girl—I have honestly arrived at this pitch of prosperity. I was always at your heels, to gather the fragments of your shipwrecks—and always disposed to aid and succour you, if I had known of your existence and misfortunes. You ran after glory and fortune—they ran after me.

Henceforth let us hope that their favours will be more impartially distributed, and that, so far from being an injury to you, I shall be at the post, to keep you out of the ditch—and near the harbour, to warn you of the rock a-head."

On this they embraced, as if to reconcile their contrary destinies. M. Pigafet was ashamed of the unjust opinion which he had hitherto entertained of a man so honourable and compassionate. "What was it brought you to Versailles?" asked the Comte—"The Minister had promised me," said Pigafet, "the place of Counsellor of State, just vacant."

The Comte looked astonished. "The place of Counsellor of State!" cried he; "alas! the Minister himself gave it to me this very morning." And Monsieur Pigafet replied, quite tranquilly, "I only expected as much—every thing is as it should be."

VARIETIES.

WINTER FOOD FOR COWS.

M. CHABERT, the director of the veterinary school at Alfort, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk every day. In his publication on the subject, he observes that cows fed in the winter upon dry substances, give less milk than those which are kept upon a green diet, and also that their milk loses much of its quality. He published the following recipe, by the use of which his cows afforded an equal quantity and quality of milk during the winter as during the summer:—Take a bushel of potatoes, break them whilst raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting in successively a layer of potatoes and a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is thus left to ferment during a whole week, and when the vinous taste has pervaded the whole mixture, it is given to the cows, who eat it greedily.

MARRIAGE.

One of Mahomet's rules for securing happiness in the married state was thus: "Wives behave to your husbands in the same manner that they behave to you."

ROCKETS WITHOUT WINGS OR STICKS.

M. Vaillant of Boulogne, has discovered a new mode of discharging rockets without either wings or sticks. In a trial recently made, notwithstanding there was a strong westerly wind, his rockets mounted much higher than the common ones, without deviating in the slightest degree from the right line.—*French Papers.* In the "Military Hints," of Colonel Macironi, he mentions that he has devised a method by which an ordinary Congreve rocket may be arranged so as to be thrown from a howitzer or mortar without any stick, *with the precision of a rifle ball, and one third further than the range of the respective shells.*